Sports Illustrated

JUNE 29, 1964 30 CENTS

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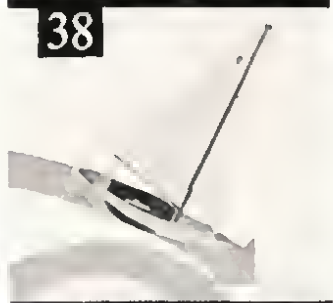

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Next week

CHASING A PENNANT in a typically tight National League race, Alvin Dark is harassed by rumors that he will not even finish the season as manager of the San Francisco Giants.

OLYMPIC TOKYO will be magnificent—and frantic. Its architectural glories are shown in nine pages of color, while a map and a bushel of Travel Facts clarify a confusing city.

THE HIGH LIFE of George Low, golf's best-known mystery man, is detailed by Dan Jenkins. A genius with a putter, Low also has mastered another art, living without working.

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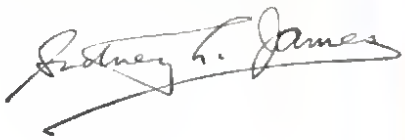
LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



"The notebooks that I keep are rarely of any use to me when I write," John Dos Passos recently confided to an old friend, Senior Editor Robert Cantwell, "because I can never find the notebook for the time I'm writing about."

When he wrote the recollections of fishing with Ernest Hemingway that begin on page 58 of this issue, Dos Passos needed no notebook to stimulate his memory. He had something far better: a crystal-clear portrait of Hemingway in his mind, as honest and forthright as a Mathew Brady photograph. Cantwell, who came to know both men well after his own first novel was published in 1931, considers this essay "perhaps the best and simplest portrait of Ernest Hemingway in American literature, and one of the most brilliant and engaging of Dos Passos' works. To a good many younger Americans, Hemingway has become either a mythical figure or a psychological mystery, but he was an understandable human being back in the days when he was discovering the joys of fishing for tuna, and Dos Passos has recaptured a moment that is good for all time."

DOS PASSOS WITH OLD HEM

Three years older than Hemingway, Dos Passos was out of Harvard (*cum laude*) and driving an ambulance in World War I when Hemingway, fresh from the Oak Park, Ill., high school, was a fledgling reporter on the *Kansas City Star*. They met briefly on the Italian front after the disaster at Caporetto. The son of a prominent corporation lawyer, Dos Passos began his literary career with four years of contributions to the *Harvard Monthly*, and as an aspiring architect was something of an esthete. Literary history would indicate that two writers as far apart as these could never get together.

But Dos Passos is also the most tireless encourager of talent in the annals of American literature and, with the innate tact and casual humor that characterize him, he encouraged Hemingway. Despite extreme nearsightedness, Dos Passos also developed some outdoor enthusiasms that Hemingway admired, making himself a powerful swimmer, a skillful sailor, and a foreign correspondent in the old-fashioned ends-of-the-earth tradition (one of his jaunts was a 37-day camel ride from Ramadi to Damascus shortly after World War I). People who knew them both found that Dos Passos' sociability and tact countered something combative and challenging in Hemingway's makeup. The recollections in this issue suggest how much these two owed each other.

Dos Passos lives on his 1,800-acre farm in Virginia near the mouth of the Potomac, where he canoes and fishes for the striped bass that run right past his door. He is currently finishing his monumental biography of Thomas Jefferson, and his essay on Hemingway is an unusual interlude in his literary works. This is the first thing he has ever written about his old friend. Dos Passos has known more writers than anyone of his time, but this is also (unless one counts a tribute to Scott Fitzgerald written after his death) the first recollection that Dos Passos has published about any of them. It is a beginning that cries for more.

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POINT OF FACT

An All-Star Game quiz to excite the memory and increase the knowledge of the fans and the armchair experts

? *Since its inception in 1933 the All-Star Game has been played annually (including two games each season from 1959 through 1962) except for one year. When was that?*

• In 1945. Because of wartime restrictions on travel, the game was called off.

? *Who were the starting batteries for the first game?*

• For the National League it was Pitcher Bill Hallahan (Cardinals) and Catcher Jimmy Wilson (Cardinals) against Lefty Gomez (Yankees) and Rick Ferrell (Red Sox) of the American League.

? *Who had the first All-Star home run?*

• Babe Ruth, of course. He hit it off Hallahan with one man on base in the third inning of that opening game.

? *Which player has the best home-run record?*

• Of the four men with three or more homers, Ralph Kiner has the best average (3 in 15 at bats). He is followed by Rocky Colavito (3 for 18), Stan Musial (a record 6 in a record 63 at bats) and Ted Williams (4 for 46).

? *Who has the most hits?*

• Musial and Willie Mays of the Giants both have 20 hits. Mays's average is .417, exactly 100 points higher than Musial's.

? *What pitchers have the best strikeout records?*

• Johnny Vander Meer of the Reds, with 11 strikeouts in 8⅔ innings, and Don Drysdale of the Dodgers, with 14 in 11 innings, lead with an average of 1.3 per inning. Drysdale's total strikeouts are the highest for any pitcher, one better than Bob Feller's 13 in 12⅓ innings.

? *What pitcher gave up the most runs in a game?*

• Claude Passeau of the Cubs (1941), Sandy Consuegra of the White Sox (1954) and Whitey Ford of the Yankees (1955) each gave up five runs in one game. Only Passeau, however, was a losing pitcher.

—HERMAN WEISKOPF

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SCORECARD

ACTION IN HOGAN'S ALLEY

The U.S. Open golf tournament (*page 12*) once was called Ben Hogan's personal affair because he won it four times and came within a few soft putts of winning half a dozen more. But Hogan was absent last week at Congressional, where Ken Venturi almost matched Ben's Open record for 72 holes. Where was Hogan?

He was playing golf at home in Fort Worth, at plush Shady Oaks Country Club, in a tournament held, coincidentally, at the same time as the Open. The Open had almost all the great names of golf, but the Shady Oaks Invitational, or the "Ben Hogan Closed," had Hogan and a surprisingly impressive field of its own. There were L. B. Worthington, president of U.S. Steel, General Thomas Power, commander of the Strategic Air Command, J. K. Jamieson, president of Humble Oil & Refining Co., Howard Hawks, film director, Darrell Royal, football Coach of the Year from the University of Texas, and quite a lot more. There were 64 guests in all, paired with 64 members for 36 holes of play. They did not just play golf. They were given a dozen Hogan balls and a Hogan Sure Out wedge and a basket of fruit and a bronze ball marker and access to three bars and buffets on the course and parties, parties, parties.

Winners were General Keith Compton, a 4-handicapper who is to become Inspector General of the Air Force, and member Don McLeland, a door manufacturer with a 10 handicap. They were 11 under.

Ben Hogan? Ben and partner finished in a tie for 21st.

HORSEHAIR THERAPY

Some time ago Joe O'Farrell, executive vice-president of Florida's Ocala Stud, the nation's leading commercial breeder over two of the last four years, read that Napoleon's body had been exhumed for tests of his hair to determine what was in his body at the time of his death. Since then O'Farrell has invested some $40,000 in testing horses' hair and blood. If the tests show an incorrect ratio of calcium and phosphorus, feed is changed accordingly.

"Eighty-five percent of a horse's bone structure is calcium and phosphorus," O'Farrell explains, "and bone structure is all-important to a horse."

Results have been excellent. Twenty-seven Ocala Stud 2-year-olds were sold across the Hialeah auction block in 1962, the final crop of pretest foals. Of these, seven suffered broken bones during the year. Of 48 sold at Hialeah in the first two years of the hair-and-blood test program only one horse has fractured a bone so far.

BREATHTAKING EXPERIMENT

One of the problems that will confront athletes preparing for the 1968 Olympic Games in Mexico City is the effect of high altitude (7,800 feet) on their performances. This month some effort to analyze the problem is being made in Leadville, Colo., a little mining town which, apart from being the home of the unsinkable Molly Brown, has the distinction of being—at 10,190 feet—the highest incorporated city in North America. For three weeks prior to a June 27 dual meet between Leadville and Lexington (Ky.) high school track teams, athletes from both squads have been undergoing endurance and stamina tests calculated to determine a) how the Leadville boys' hearts and lungs utilize oxygen, and b) if the Lexington boys utilize it differently, whether their ability will change over the acclimatization period in Leadville and, if so, how and how much.

The Leadville experiment is the second half of one started in April, when the Leadville team journeyed to Lexington for a dual meet and was defeated handily. (Actually, say the researchers, the Leadville team is not in the same league with the Lexington boys.) But the meet turned up one unexpected bit of information that has the researchers excited. Although he lost his event, one Leadville trackman broke the "world record" for efficiency in utilizing oxygen, a record set by Don Lash, marathon runner, when he was tested some years ago by the Harvard University fatigue laboratory.

What can simple, unscientific coaches learn from all the experimentation? The Lexington meet suggests that physical capacity of the most critical sort—oxygen utilization—may in fact be less critical than other factors that, put together, make up what is called ability.

THE FACELESS MEN

In the new, briefer and less informative box scores adopted last week by Associated Press and United Press International, the deeds of certain players (pinch hitters, pinch runners) not charged with a time at bat go unmentioned. That does not bother us too much, but two other omissions do. Had this box score been in use in the old days, one never would have heard of Tinker or Evers or Chance, nor would Franklin P. Adams have written *Baseball's Sad Lexicon*, in which they were immortalized. The new box score simply lists double plays by the number made and ignores who made them. Thus, when T., E. and C. had one of their great days it would have been noted thus: Chicago 3.

Even worse, perhaps, is that umpires' names also go unmentioned. They are

now unidentified, unsung and unloved. Well, they have never been sung or loved, one supposes, but they were certainly identified, and rightly. This is a cry for the return of the names of the umps. Let the bums stand up and be counted.

THE TRIUMPH OF WRETCHED MESS

A periodical largely devoted to fishing in Montana, *The Wretched Mess News*, is published in West Yellowstone, Mont., a town of 300 residents in winter, 8,000

in summer. Its editor is Dave Bascom, who signs his business letters (typed on filling-station washroom towels) with the name of Milford Poltroon. Aside from fishing news, the publication carries frantic advertisements: "Greedy, money-hungry boy wanted to sell *Wretched Mess News* . . ." A subscription will set you back $1.50, not too high a price for a paper whose slogan boasts that it is "America's last stronghold of fearless yellow journalism."

One thing *The Wretched Mess News* can get serious about is conservation. Last January it gave much of its space to an open letter to Montana's Governor Tim Babcock. "The prime example of Montana Fish & Game knotheadedness," it thundered, "is the opening of the famous Madison River to year-round fishing." The *Mess* took the stand that out-of-state fishermen (about 45,000 a year) came to Montana not just to catch fish, but in hope of catching a big fish. Unless the river was closed in low water and during rainbow and brown spawning season, the only fish in the Madison, it argued, would be like those in streams near New York and San Francisco—"little, native, innocent plant trout, fresh from the fishcradle."

"Your Fish & Game Commission reasons that if a stream is stocked frequently and heavily, fishing pressures don't matter," the *Mess* went on. "Of course they're right. A cubic foot of water can support only so much fish—let's say one 5 lb. trout or five 1 lb. trout. Your Fish & Gamebrains feel it makes no difference."

Since then the Fish & Game Commission, bowing to the power of the press, has ordered the Madison closed for 2½ months, overruling department biologists who recommended that it remain open all year. "*The Wretched Mess News* applauds the wisdom & courage of Montana Fish & Game," the *Mess* cooed. "Subscriptions still wretchedly cheap. . . ."

NEW SPORT IN NIPPON

It is not so very long since the fastest way to get around Japan was by jinrikisha. Now the Japanese are building a 2½-mile superspeedway for stock-car racing at the base of Mount Fuji, which should give it the loveliest setting of any sports arena in the world. The 980-acre grounds were acquired by Nippon NASCAR, Japan's counterpart of the National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing in the U.S. Bill France, U.S. NASCAR president, is serving as top

continued

120-pound "Chi-Chi" Rodriguez drives the Black Dot over 300 yards.

"Chi-Chi" Rodriguez is a member of Spalding's Golf A[illegible]

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So whether you carry more muscle than "Chi-Chi" or less, pack the same competitive advantage that he does. Pack the big distance ball, the Black Dot.

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SPALDING

A [illegible] SPALDING, CHICOPEE, MASS.

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A friend in need—that's Hennessy! Have a flask of Hennessy handy, any time, for any occasion. This convenient, economical small size is perfect for your home, or in your suitcase when you travel.

Most important—make sure it's *Hennessy*. It's America's most popular cognac brandy.

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technical assistant to the Japanese organization. Completion is scheduled for March, and racing will start in April or May with such speed jockeys as Fred Lorenzen, Ned Jarrett, Dave Pearson and Tiny Lund showing the jinrikisha boys how to really make a vehicle move.

IS THREE A CROWD?

There are some who would argue that *basketball is overofficiated, but this view* does not prevail in the Southern Conference. When the basketball season begins in December, each conference member will use three officials in one of its home games. The experiment will be watched over by Bunn Hackney, supervisor of officials for the conference.

Very well. Stand by for jokes about three blind mice.

YACHTSMAN BON VIVANT

On his 27-day singlehanded crossing of the Atlantic in a 45-foot ketch, Lieut. Eric Tabarly of the French navy beat 14 competitors, chiefly British, and undoubtedly lived better than most. For sustenance (Tabarly can hoist a genoa without using the winch and surely needs sustenance), he carried 40 liters of red wine, 10 kilos of chocolate, anchovy paste and milk in tubes, jam, rice, spaghetti, fresh eggs, potatoes and fruit.

On such voyages water is always a nuisance. It creates a ballast problem as tanks are emptied. To save water Tabarly gave up shaving and washed his dishes in rum. The dishwater was then translated into his favorite dessert, *crêpes flambées*, which he concocted while lashed onto a motorcycle seat in the galley. Tabarly's fiercest competitor, 63-year-old Francis Chichester, prefers a vegetarian diet of *whisky, gin and ale, garnished with fried* potatoes, onions and garlic. Furthermore, Chichester always shaves, and in water at that. He does, however, rinse his dishes in whisky.

The rum diet apparently is best. Tabarly broke Chichester's record by six days, 13 hours, 11 minutes. He sailed alone into Newport Harbor last week to receive Charles de Gaulle's bestowal of the Legion of Honor, stepped ashore, shaved with water this time and went off to a clambake.

LEGACY

From his undergraduate days at Texas A&M through World Wars I and II and until his retirement from the Army in

continued

TOM McCAHILL SAYS:
The difference in brake linings is shocking!

I recently witnessed the hairiest brake lining tests ever conducted.

Nineteen leading brands were put through killing torture tests at Daytona International Speedway. NASCAR officials supervised every step of the tests.

What I saw was shocking. Only 3 of the 19 brands met my standards of quality and safety under meat-axey conditions. Some of the linings disintegrated like soot under a steam hose. Some couldn't even answer the bell for the final round.

And these gutless turkeys are the very linings some dealer might install on your car.

If you learn only one thing from reading this column, it should be to ask for replacement linings by brand name.

Which brand? The best I can do for you is to give you the name of the brand that outperformed all others at Daytona. True, two other brands survived the tests in good physical condition. But both were a little *groggy and called for more driving* skill and pedal pressure from NASCAR drivers Nelson Stacy and Marvin Panch.

Now get this: Grey-Rock Balanced Brake Linings outperformed them all!

Next time you need your brakes relined, look for the dealer who displays the Grey-Rock emblem. He really means it when he says, "You can't buy a better brake lining to save your life."

Tom McCahill

Write for 24-Poge test report!

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Riding for a fall at the annual Calgary Stampede, Alberta, Canada.

Summer fun time . . . starting soon

There are many spectacular and memorable events that take place during Canada's summer fun-time. And the whole land relaxes by warm lakes and sea coasts. Resorts, restaurants, hotels, take on a special gaiety that lasts long into the golden days of fall. Send in the coupon for your Canadian Vacation planning kit. It will help you to choose the cities, scenery and special events that interest you most.

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HOLIDAY IN CANADA

the wonderful world at your doorstep

"Meet me and we'll go," she whispered. "We'll go.
What a time we'll have. Weeks together. Ocean, with you.
Sand. Laughing, with you.
Call Hertz to meet our flight.
Make sure it's Hertz. This has to be perfect."

Hertz puts you in the driver's seat!

A car rental company must be as big as the life you lead. Impeccable reservations. A choice of exciting new Chevrolets and other fine cars. To squeeze every extra minute into your vacation. And every instant protected by CERTIFIED SERVICE. Only Hertz meets these requirements. Only Hertz is as big as the life you lead!

HERTZ
RENT A CAR

"You may use your HERTZ AUTO-matic Charge Card, Air Travel or other accredited charge card... and the new Hertz Revolving Credit Plan lets you rent now/pay later."

1947, Colonel Manley B Gibson was ever increasingly convinced that world-wide adoption of the metric system in weights and measures would sweeten international concord. After retirement he dedicated his time and what fortune he had to the idea. On a recent day, at the age of 68, Colonel Gibson hanged himself in the basement of his San Francisco home. He was broke. "I have spent all my money and insurance loans to establish the metric system in the United States," he said in a note to the Internal Revenue Service. "My death should be in full payment."

The problem Colonel Gibson sought to solve is of vastly more importance than some of us realize. During World War II, when the U.S. undertook to build the Rolls-Royce Merlin airplane engine, it turned out that tons of British specifications had to be converted from metric to inch-and-pound designations and, of course, there were no perfect conversion tables. It required absurdly needless manpower and time to get the job done

It is, of course, much less serious that the world of sport must endure confusion because of this deficiency in mathematical understanding. But it will be something of an annoyance when the Olympic Games are televised this fall and we are informed on the screen that Valeri Brumel has high-jumped 2.29, if that is what he does, and an announcer must translate this into 7 feet 6 inches.

Colonel Gibson, no track and field man but a polo player, understood this. He talked constantly to AAU officials as well as to college and high school track coaches. They listened, but that is as far as he got. He left a room filled with papers, slide rules, mathematical formulae His son-in-law, Major Clifford Houchin, hopes eventually to sort out the material and, if possible, carry on.

THEY SAID IT

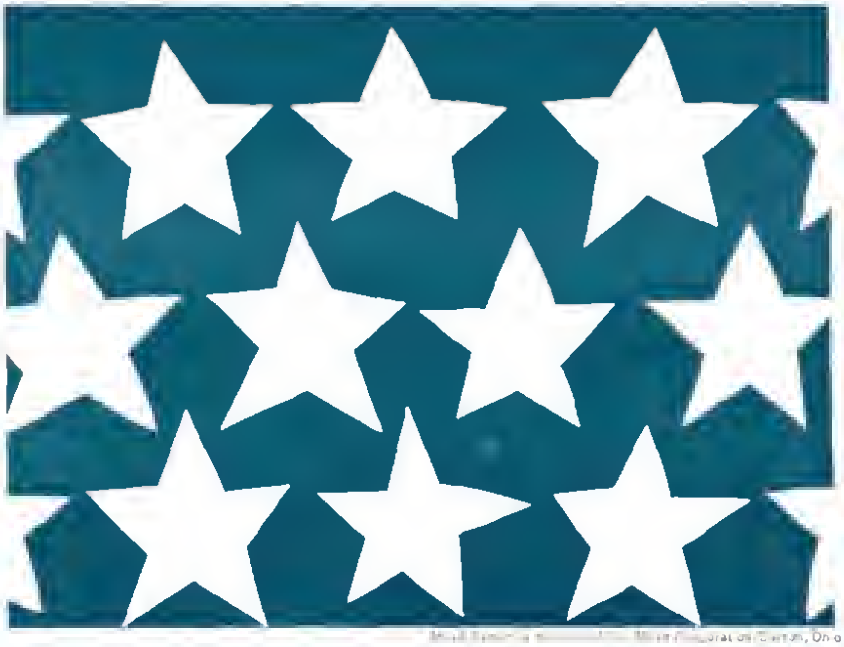
• Bob Pettit, St. Louis Hawks' all-pro forward, after a successful U.S. basketball tour of Europe: "Those people thought there was no difference between amateurs and professionals. Now they know."

• A. J. Foyt, Indianapolis 500 winner, on the hazards of auto racing: "I know I feel safer on a racetrack with the traffic going in the same direction and good drivers behind the wheels than I do on Houston expressways." **END**

Our bond paper is so popular it's often referred to as, "The bond of American business." Use a sheet on the Fourth of July, Washington's birthday and the first seven days of every week. Patriotic thought? Not all good ideas come from Mead. But you'd be amazed how many do.

MEAD *papers*

The bond of American business



Bruce Crampton* does. When it's a long par 3 over the water, no ball stays dryer than a Super Maxfli. Chances are you'll hit your best when you're sure of distance and can concentrate on control all the way to the pin. (Continuing tests prove no other ball will out-distance the Super Maxfli.) A Super Maxfli holds your line to the cup from anywhere on the green too. And its bright white finish keeps its gleam. Super Maxfli...at your professional's shop.

*Member Dunlop Golf Advisory Staff.

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Sports Illustrated
JUNE 29, 1964

'POOR KEN' HITS IT RICH

When Ken Venturi (*see cover*) won the U.S Open golf championship in Washington late last Saturday afternoon, it was as if everyone suddenly wanted to drive an Edsel instead of a Cadillac or as if Dick Nixon were President. It was as if they took all the guys down on Skid Row and put them in charge of the big banks. It was a day for losers everywhere, because, for the best part of three years now, Ken Venturi has been a loser's loser.

Golf players have turned out to be the movie stars of the decade. The idolaters want their autographs, they get the best tables at "21" and the Pump Room, and Ed Sullivan books them like Beatles. That was the way it was for Ken Venturi in the closing years of the Eisenhower Administration—golden years when he was going to be the next Ben Hogan, when there was no matching his confidence or his glamour or his prospects. Then all of a moment he could not hit

The ball comes up cleanly through a burst of sand as Venturi successfull

AGAIN

Fighting off the world's best golfers and heat exhaustion, the once-great Ken Venturi halts a three-year slide to oblivion with a dazzling performance that won the U.S. Open Championship in Washington

by ALFRED WRIGHT

the golf ball straight anymore. A moment after that he had disappeared.

The crowds chased people with names like Gary Player and Jack Nicklaus, and when Ken made one of his infrequent appearances in a tournament he played in quiet oblivion. A man who once won $41,230 in a year, he earned only $3,848 in 1963. He received no invitation to play in the Masters this year, a kind of fierce and final blow because he has long been a great favorite of golf sentimentalists at that tournament. Twice, in 1956 and 1960, he had the Masters won, only to lose it each time in spirit-breaking fashion —once by shooting a last-round 80 and once by having Arnold Palmer sink birdie putts on 17 and 18. Now he was not even able to play there. He had become a nobody lost in the shadows.

On Saturday at Congressional Country Club he stepped into the sun again, and what sun! It was a day of 100° temperatures and salt tablets and dizzy

continued

xecutes a key explosion shot that helps him hold his lead on Saturday afternoon. Behind him, the scorched gallery tries to keep cool, too.

spells and doctors in the steamy caldron that is Washington in June. Heat exhaustion was a constant threat to Venturi, and at times it seemed he would never be able to walk up to where his ball lay. But when he got there, he lashed at his shots with almost furious intent, and there was nobody on the record-long (7,053 yard) Congressional course that day who could match his efforts. By 6:45 p.m. the Palmers *et al* had shot themselves into nowhere, while a staggering but relentless Ken Venturi posted a 66-70 for the day and a total of 278 to win a fantasy-filled Open.

When Venturi's final putt went in, a roar of approval sounded through the natural valley that cradles Congressional's 18th hole, and it came in large measure from a group that only an hour before had been properly known as Arnie's Army—an army now willing to follow another general. "Until the last holes," Venturi said later, "I just had Arnie's outcasts, but those cats out there were solid supporters. The last few years all I've had were Venturi's vultures."

The more he thought about it, the more Venturi's spirits rose following the first solemn and overwhelming emotions of victory. Hustled to the traditional press conference, he looked at the reporters in front of him and cracked: "The last time I saw any of you guys was when you were interviewing me at the 1960 Masters and someone yelled 'Palmer!' and you all ran out of the room and left me there sipping my Coke."

He talked about the 12 salt tablets a doctor had given him on the course during the afternoon round and said, "I think they must have been lead. They all went right to my feet. But I better not say anymore about that. Everybody's endorsing things nowadays, and maybe I can endorse salt tablets."

Then he turned serious again. "If I had to do everything all over again and write a script or a book about it, I wouldn't change one thing that happened to me in my life. Nine months ago I was about to quit, and I didn't know what was going to happen. I've tasted the bitterness of defeat, and now I'm going to taste the sweetness of success."

Bitter is a fair enough word for what Venturi calls "the three long years when I went from the top to the bottom of the barrel." The decline became critical on a February day in Palm Springs in 1962. Ken was playing in the pro-amateur tournament there, and as he leaned over to pick his ball out of the cup he felt something snap in his spine. The pain was very sharp and refused to go away, so he had to withdraw from the tournament. In fact, it was some weeks before he could rejoin the tour. Even then he had to have daily heat treatments and massages to remove the strain and stiffness. His golf swing was restricted, and no doubt he should have rested until he was sound again. But pro golfers like to keep going. It is not just that they need the money to eat. When they are on top, as Venturi was, their status in their profession depends on how much money they win, so they often keep playing when they should be nursing their ailments.

The more he played with his back hurting, the more Venturi had to alter his swing. Pretty soon that swing, one which Byron Nelson had helped to mold into the most classical on the tour, was entirely gone and, at the age of 31, Venturi seemed to be washed up. He had a lot of friends who tried to help and countless others who wished him well. Many a golfing conversation started with: "What has happened to poor Ken?" Poor Ken and his wife Conni, one of the beauties among the golfers' wives, were about the only ones who would not admit he was through. Ken stuck doggedly to the tour in 1962, but throughout much of last year he stayed home in Hillsborough, Calif., a San Francisco suburb, and tried to remake his golf game. Now and then he would feel some confidence and attempt a tournament or two, but it was no go.

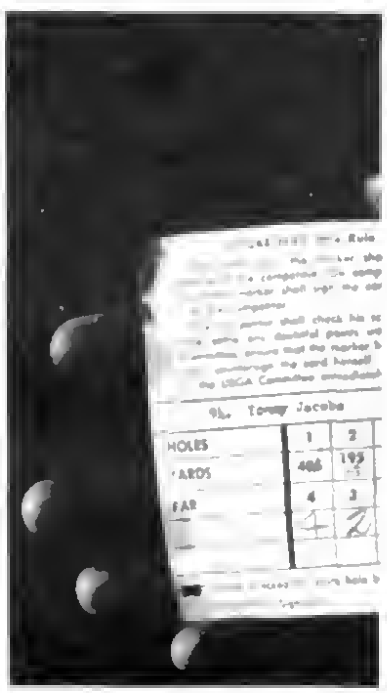
Last summer he seriously considered quitting golf and finding a profession elsewhere. He kept practicing, however, and among those he played with was Father Francis Murray, a priest with a parish in Burlingame near Ken's home. Father Murray concentrated on the part of Venturi's game that needed the most work—his state of mind. Slowly he built a more relaxed and philosophical attitude in a mind that had been as jumpy as popcorn in a skillet.

On Wednesday of last week Venturi received a letter from Father Murray, and it meant a great deal to him. "He told me," Venturi said later, "that you have to keep your composure, that you should never let anything great get you too elated and that you should never let anything bad get you down. He said you should just keep an even pace and just ask God to let you do the best you can. Believe me, when I get home I'm going to split the trophy right down the middle and put half in my house and half in Father Murray's parish."

On Thursday morning, play in the 64th U.S. Open began, and a hundred letters from Father Murrays would not have convinced anybody to follow Ken Venturi, even though he had been scoring quite well recently. Because of its length, and the fact that Washington's tropical sun had broiled much of the once-vaunted Open rough down to brown, harmless hay, the only question was which of golf's hardest hitters—Palmer, Nicklaus or Tony Lema—would win. Palmer seemed to settle that at once with a brisk 68 that sent his gallery bellowing across the hills and dissenters muttering that this was going to be another runaway like the recent Masters, where Arnold might as well have played alone.

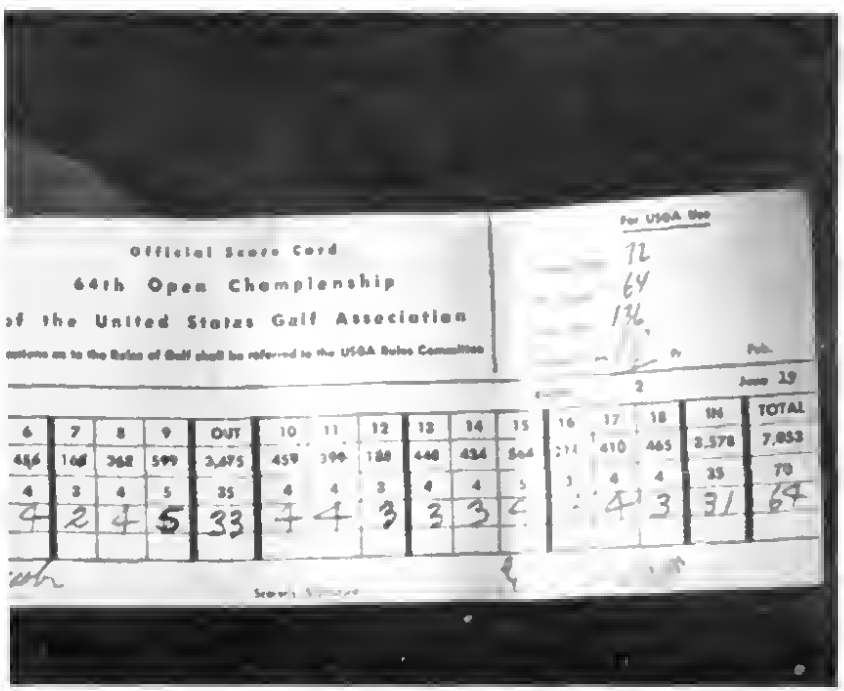
Then, on Friday, occurred the sort of improbable happening that makes sport sporting. Tommy Jacobs, one of the most likable and least known among the very good younger pros, shot a 64. On another golf course Jacobs' performance could have been accepted with a reasonable amount of awe. To shoot such a round at Congressional must be regarded as su-

continued



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES DRAKE AND WALTER IOOSS JR

Conni Venturi shares the elation and the spotlight at a press conference as husband Ken recounts with relish the details of his Open triumph.



Sweat-soaked scorecard kept by playing partner Dutch Harrison documents the historic second-round 64 that left its creator, Tommy Jacobs (right), in a state of shocked disbelief.

perlative, if not unbelievable, golf. "He must have been cheating," Arnold Palmer said jokingly. "Which holes did he leave out?" asked Claude Harmon, who insisted that the course should really be considered a par-73 because most of the players were unable to reach two or three of the par-4 holes with their two best shots. "It was the finest round of golf I have ever seen," said old Dutch Harrison, who was in the same pairing with Tommy and is a voice worth listening to, since he has played in more professional tournaments than any golfer in history.

It was an outrageous thing for Jacobs to do. The only other man to shoot 64 in a U.S. Open was an unemployed pro named Lee Mackey, who did it in 1950 and went into such a trance that he had an 81 the following day. One measure of Jacobs' round is the fact that there were only eight scores below 70 in all four rounds at Congressional. As with the description of all miracles—once you have written that the Red Sea parted, what do you say after that?—the 64 should simply be allowed to stand without further words.

In addition to the stir it caused in its own right, the 64 gave Jacobs the lead in the tournament. One stroke behind was Palmer, who had a 69. Jacobs left the course early, pausing at the clubhouse door for a bewildered, "Who's that?" as Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon drove up behind a police escort. The secretary, presumably, soon knew who Jacobs was.

Lema, meanwhile, was in with a lackluster 71-72, and Jack Nicklaus, at 72-73, was having his problems, too. He could not sink a putt and could hardly get a drink. Pepsi-Cola was the only soft drink sold on the course, and it came in red-white-and-blue Pepsi cups. Nicklaus endorses Coke, so he was having his Pepsis poured into beer cups. "No wonder he can't putt," said one outraged follower. "That's his fourth beer this nine." (Nicklaus eventually was to score only one birdie in the last 54 holes. "That's not my kind of golf," he said. It is the kind that finishes in 23rd place. Lema was to do little better, ending up 20th.)

Finally, by sunset Friday there was a kind of condescending pleasure in noting that Poor Ken was having such a nice tournament, his 72-70 putting him in a tie for fourth, six strokes behind Jacobs.

Saturday's sunrise found USGA officials out on the course placing cups in the hardest imaginable positions. Nobody was going to shoot a 64 in *their* tournament again. In two hours the temperature was 75°, and 36 holes were about to begin that would decide whether Jacobs or Palmer would be the new Open champion.

The pretournament favorites shared multiple moments of anguish. Lema (left), *drained by two*

The opinion was nearly universal that Palmer would devour Jacobs like an hors d'oeuvre as the two of them played head to head. Speculation began as to whether Arnold would be able to win the British Open three weeks hence and then the PGA on the week after that for the first Grand Slam of pro golf.

Palmer looked, as he always does when he seems on the way to victory, like a man who is late for a big appointment. He was eager, so eager that he hit one shot onto the course before he ever teed off. Practicing in a sand trap, he blasted a wild wedge high into the trees surrounding the first tee, a blow that was viewed as most amusing, though hardly a portent. As play began, his shots, although evading tree branches, were still a little wild, but he was chipping superbly with a wedge on which he had bent some extra loft specially for the Open's long rough, and he needed only one putt on three of the first four greens. It was at the 5th hole that Palmer's first makable putt failed to drop. When the same thing happened on the 6th hole and he took his second straight bogey, a little of the starch seemed to go out of him. Jacobs was holding steady at par, and was three strokes up on Palmer. It was at this moment that the gallery following the two leaders first could see the large scoreboard behind the 7th green, where a row of red (for sub-par) figures was growing opposite Venturi's name.

Venturi had birdied the first and the 4th and the 5th by drilling daring iron shots to the tight pin positions. He was tied with Palmer. Moments later a cheer went up from the gallery surrounding

winning efforts [illegible] to the U.S. Open, played tired golf. Nicklaus was bothered by an erratic driver, and Palmer (right) by a balky putter.

the 8th green indicating another birdie for Venturi, and this same cheer, grown even louder, arose at the 9th green, when he birdied that hole. These were the numbers: 3-3-4-3-3-4-3-3-4—a five-under-par 30 on the first nine holes. "It was the greatest nine holes I ever played in my life," Venturi was to say later. "If I ever played the kind of nine holes that I've dreamed about, this was it. I hit every fairway, I hit every green, and I made every possible putt."

Even so, his day was a long way from over. He had nine more holes to play in his morning round, then a full 18 holes after lunch, for it has been traditional in the U.S. and Britain that the Open champion must prove his stamina as well as his ability by playing two full rounds on the final day.

Perhaps because he had been off the tour for a time, or perhaps simply because he had taken no salt pills, Ken began to have trouble. Conni approached to hand him an iced tea on the 10th tee. "Go back in the clubhouse," he said protectively, and he did not drink the tea. The temperature was now well over 90°—it was measured at 112° by the cup on one green—and by the 14th hole Venturi began to wilt. He had made one more birdie—at the 12th—to stay even with Jacobs, but, as he put it, "I started to shake all over. It wasn't nerves. My whole body was shaking." At the 15th and 16th holes he barely salvaged his pars after some erratic shots. By the time he reached the 17th green he could scarcely hold his putter, and he three-putted there from 25 feet.

At the 18th hole he drove among some trees in the right rough, recovered well and came trudging down the long, sloping fairway to the green in short, weary steps. The enormous gallery lining both sides of the fairway for more than 400 yards applauded every step, and Venturi acknowledged the tribute by removing the white linen cap that has been his trademark ever since he first made his mark in golf as an amateur by almost winning that 1956 Masters. But a couple of minutes later he missed a four-foot putt for his second consecutive bogey. He winced in disappointment, but he still was in with a remarkable 66. The big scoreboard across the pond from the 18th green told him that Jacobs was ahead of him again—by two strokes. Palmer was four behind.

A station wagon drove Venturi and his playing partner, Raymond Floyd, back up the hill to the clubhouse for lunch. Venturi could not eat. His face was ashen, his eyes glazed and he walked to his locker without saying a word to anyone. He sat with his back against the locker and began to shuffle aimlessly through some letters. He asked for some tea, then some lemons and salt tablets—the first salt and liquid he had had since he started the morning's golf. His

continued

fellow pros were concerned. Lema came over to congratulate him and watched him closely. Jay Hebert came over and whispered to him. Raymond Floyd went to find Conni. "He's sick," Floyd told her. A doctor was called. Ken still sat, saying nothing. Dr. John Everett, a club member, came in, took his pulse and decided he should lie down in a private room until he was due to go back into the sun for another four hours of pressure golf.

After the 50-minute break, Venturi was back on the first tee ready to play his afternoon round. Dr. Everett was with him now, carrying a container of salt tablets, and a marshal had a plastic thermos of iced tea and some chocolate bars. Towels dipped in ice water were handed Venturi when he asked.

He seemed well revived, and he parred his way easily through the first five holes. By that time he knew he was again tied for the lead, as Jacobs had taken a double-bogey 5 on the short 2nd hole and Palmer continued to lose his *personal battle with his own putter.*

Playing the dangerous 6th hole carefully clear of the pond that borders the green, Venturi three-putted for a bogey 5, but he got the stroke back with a 10-foot birdie putt at the 9th. Although the weariness showed as he moved from shot to shot, there was nothing frail about the way he struck the ball. Yet this is not at all the same Venturi who had won 10 tournaments in his first three years as a pro. The lovely, graceful swing that had made him the best long-iron player in golf had given way to a flat, quick backswing that got the job done about as well but would excite no lyrical phrases from the purists.

Now, as Venturi started up the long 10th hole, having completed the first nine holes in even par, he still stood two strokes under par for the tournament and had his first clear lead, for Jacobs had suffered another bogey behind him, and no one else was within four strokes. Venturi parred his way as far as the long 13th, a very exacting par-4. He was able to get on with a big drive and a good six-iron that stopped 18 feet from the hole. He looked a long time at the putt, hit it, and when it went in for a birdie he closed his eyes, turned and tilted his face up toward the sun for a silent and memorable moment. He now had a three-stroke lead and was almost home.

Going up the 14th fairway, however, he said to Joseph C. Dey Jr., the USGA official who was refereeing the match: "If you won't slap a two-stroke penalty on me, Joe, I'm going to slow down." And he did, cutting his pace in half, from a slow walk to an eerie, slow-motion march. A well-struck five-iron here rolled back into the deep bunker fronting this green, and he took a bogey 5, his final bogey of the tournament.

Jacobs was still faltering behind him, and soon Venturi was at 18. All the way down the fairway the gallery was five and six deep, and it cheered this tired golfer step by step. "It's all downhill, Ken," the people shouted. He again removed his cap, but his face was wrinkled in concentration as he strained to read the scoreboard across the pond and assure himself that he was, at long, long last, a winner. His ball lay in a bunker alongside the green, but even three more shots would keep him safe.

As he neared his ball, a weird distraction erupted close to the green—a bloody fistfight between two tournament marshals over who could stand where (*right*). Venturi, seemingly blessed with tunnel vision, ignored them. He played a tricky 35-yard explosion to within 10 feet of the hole, then watched as Floyd sank a short putt along much the same line, demonstrating the slight break to the left. Venturi's putt took the same route into the hole, giving him his 278, the second-lowest score in Open history. Jacobs was second at 282 and Palmer, with his last day's 75-74, tied for fifth behind Bob Charles and Billy Casper.

When he saw the ball on that last putt disappear, Venturi let his putter fall to the grass and raised his arms in joy and relief. "I had told myself that I was going to keep control of myself, that I wasn't going to get emotional," he remembers. "Then Ray Floyd came over to shake my hand and he was crying. So I started crying too."

Imagine. Standing out there in all that sunlight and crying in front of 22,000 people. **END**

The finel bizzere note to e heeted Open ceme on the 72nd hole. While Ken Venturi, whose ceddie is et right (43), wes lining up his next-to-lest shot, two mershels got into e wild brawl over territorial rights, end it took e squed of police to subdue them.

THE WHITE SOX HEX THAT FAILED

With a voodoo doll for luck and a hot lineup of nonentities who were leading the American League, Chicago took off for 14 consecutive games against the top contenders. Here is a day-to-day account of what happened to the White Sox when the Yankees and Orioles caught up with them by WILLIAM LEGGETT

THURSDAY, JUNE 11. Seven days ago a tiny, brown and expensive voodoo doll arrived in the general manager's office at Chicago's White Sox Park. There were nine sterling silver pins with the doll, and atop each pin was a triangular flag bearing the name of an American League team—all but the Chicago White Sox. General Manager Ed Short stuck the pin labeled "Detroit" into the doll and the Tigers promptly lost three of four games to Chicago. Some 50 hours later the Baltimore pin went into the doll and the White Sox won two of three from the Orioles.

Early this evening the doll, the pins, the pennants and the 30 men who wear White Sox uniforms boarded a chartered DC-6 for New York and five games with the Yankees in three days. After New York the White Sox will go to Baltimore for five games in four days, then back to Chicago for four games in three days with the Yankees. For more than a week now the 30 White Sox have been pestered by friends for tickets for those four games with the Yankees. Every baseball fan in Chicago knows how important the next 10 days are for the Sox: Chicago does not play New York or Baltimore in the months of July, September and October.

For the road trip each member of the Sox was equipped with a gray Samsonite three-suiter, $70 for meal money and a firm conviction that this team was going to become the third in 16 years to take a pennant away from the Yankees. In the hold of the plane were 1,500 pounds of equipment, including six dozen balls, two baby-blue road uniforms for each man and 70 bats. On the plane Manager Al Lopez, the only non-Yankee manager since 1948 to win an American League pennant, reiterated what he had said in Tampa in March. "The Yankees can be beaten this year," said Lopez. "Their pitching is not terribly strong, and last year they got great performances out of fellows who normally are not capable of that. This confused a lot of people and probably caused many to overrate them. They have good power and they field well, but they can be beaten. These next 10 days are big for us, but they are not what I would call crucial. It's too early in the season to use the word crucial." When the White Sox arrived in New York they heard the result of the game between the Yankees and Red Sox in Boston. New York, troubled all season by erratic pitching and hitting, had parlayed eight extra-base hits and the first complete game of the year from Pitcher Jim Bouton into an 8-4 victory. In his hotel room Ed Short took the voodoo doll from his suitcase and thrust in the New York pin.

Ed Short stuck in all the right pins, but his team struck out and popped up too often.

The standings

	W	L	PCT.	G.B.
CHICAGO	31	15	.674	—
BALTIMORE	32	19	.627	1½
NEW YORK	27	21	.563	5

FRIDAY, JUNE 12. Going into the first game of tonight's doubleheader the Yankees seemed to be at a definite disadvantage. Yankee pitching had become so depleted that Steve Hamilton, who is normally used as a short-relief man, was called on to start the five-game series. The White Sox had John Buzhardt ready, and the Yankees had not beaten Buzhardt in three years. Buzhardt said he felt fine before the game, but Hamilton

admitted that he hadn't slept well the night before. "We have a new baby," he said. "Our first son after two girls. His name is Robert Christopher, and he was born the day we started on our last road trip. I just saw him once until yesterday." On Thursday, Hamilton had been sent back from Boston early so he could rest before his first start in two years, but Robert Christopher woke him five times during the night. "When I finally did get back to sleep," Hamilton said, "I had a hideous dream. I got traded to the Mets and they were just about to start a 60-game road trip. I couldn't get back to sleep after that."

Hamilton strained through the first five innings, throwing 83 pitches, but the Yankees gave him five runs in the sixth and went on to an easy 6–1 win. In the last four innings Hamilton needed only 43 pitches. Whitey Ford beat the White Sox easily in the second game 3–0. After the double loss Al Lopez said softly, "You can't win games unless you score runs. Ford, you figure, is going to pitch a great game, because he usually does. I thought we would beat Hamilton. We are still in good shape. The only way this series could be considered critical is if we lose all five games, and I certainly don't think that's about to happen. We just had a bad night."

The standings

CHICAGO	31	17	.646	—
BALTIMORE	32	20	615	1
NEW YORK	29	21	.580	3

SATURDAY, JUNE 13. It was a bleak day in New York, and the threat of rain cancelled batting practice. Still, Don Gutteridge, the White Sox first-base coach, accepted the two dozen new baseballs that every home team gives the visiting team for practice. "Every team keeps a count," said Gutteridge, "and at the end of the year you figure how many balls you owe them or they owe you and whoever owes pays back. We aren't worried about the balls. We need hitting work."

It did not rain, the game was played and the White Sox lost 6–3. The starting lineup for the Yankees (Kubek, Richardson, Maris, Mantle, Tresh, Howard, Pepitone, Linz) had three times as much experience as the Sox (Hershberger, Weis, Ward, Hansen, Robinson, Nicholson, Cunningham, Carreon). In the Yankee dressing room after the game Manager Yogi Berra was happy but cautious. "We may be in trouble tomorrow," he said. Lopez was stunned. "If we can't do something tomorrow," he said, "we will be hurting real bad. We are ready with our best."

The standings

CHICAGO	31	18	.633	—
BALTIMORE	32	21	.604	1
NEW YORK	30	21	588	2

SUNDAY, JUNE 14. Although the White Sox lost the first three games of this series, they knew that today they had a big advantage. Juan Pizarro and Gary Peters were their pitchers for the doubleheader—their very best. The Yankees had to use Bud Daley and Roland Sheldon—the bottom of the barrel. The Yankees, however, easily won the first game 8–3, and the second was a nightmare that the White Sox will have to work hard to forget. Peters coasted along with a 3–1 lead until the ninth inning, and then Shortstop Ron Hansen made two bad plays that enabled the Yankees to score two runs and tie the game. Lopez walked out, took the ball from Peters, bowed his head and kicked at the dirt on the mound. He was enduring one

continued on page 54

A dugout full of White Sox woe faces the sunlit scene of horror in Yankee Stadium, where Chicago lost five straight games and the league lead.

SETTLERS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

Experiments in living beneath the surface of the ocean in special underwater houses like the one built by the U.S. Navy (right) may bring a new era of exploration—and homesteading

by ***COLES PHINIZY***

Through ages of darkness and light the race of man has clung to the curious notion that up is good and down is bad. Man himself may live in a cave as foreboding as the adits of hell, but he usually worships gods who live higher. Man came from the sea—its substance is unmistakably in him—but few men have ever been back down for a good look around, and to most men the depths are an undesirable and spooky place.

In every cubic yard of seawater there is a touch of nourishment as well as a trace of gold. Along the edges of continents and archipelagos there are submarine shelves—a total of at least 10 million square miles—where the depth rarely exceeds 600 feet. Many of these shelves are rich with marine life and underwater plant growth, and some may be brimming with oil and other subterranean treasure. The world in its overcrowded state more and more needs the protein and minerals to be found under the sea, and in the past six years several small bands of men have been trying to live underwater in order to learn how to make this wealth more accessible. They could use help, but they are not apt to get much. The world is too dazzled by rocket men to take much notice of the oddballs down below.

Early this year the U.S. hit the moon with a $28 million rocket that failed to send back any information. It is estimated that a man can be put on the moon by 1970 for $20 billion, a price we will have to pay to find out for sure if its surface is cheese or merely a layer of sterile dust (as some believe). In any case, it would cost still more to make the moon livable, and it will be a long time

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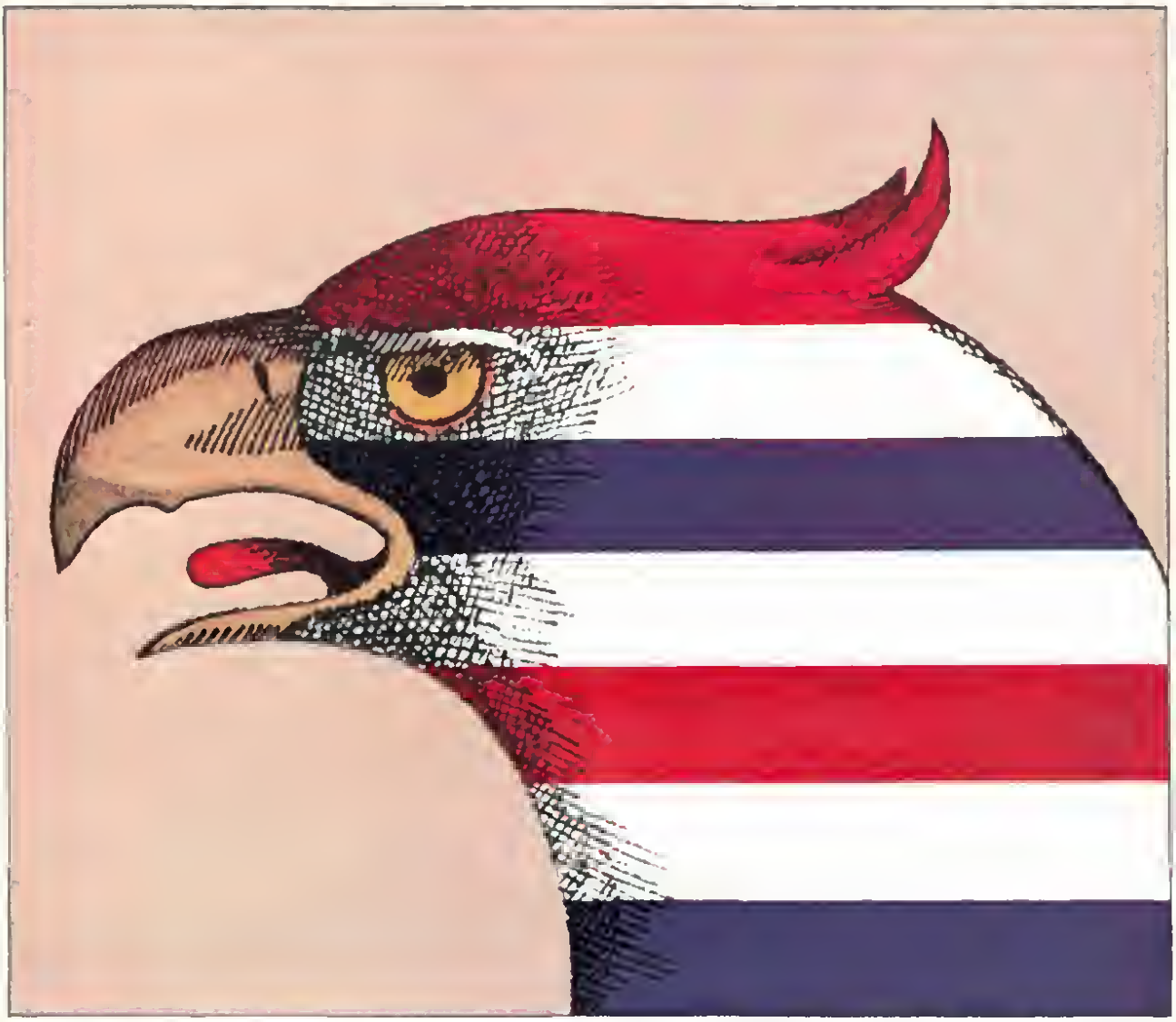

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before we build a putty factory in a lunar crater or turn cattle out to graze in the dry bed of a lunar sea.

Meanwhile, in a small way we are mining the world's wet sea, harvesting its oysters and kelp and herding its fish, but the yield of the sea could be increased fivefold in this decade if the prospectors, farmers and fish herders could live on the continental shelves in undersea houses. Within the past two years eight Frenchmen have lived safely at depths ranging from 33 to 90 feet for periods of one week to a month. Before this year is out, there probably will be five or six Americans living below, and a Belgian and several more Frenchmen. The cost thus far of these experiments has been a comparative pittance—less than $4 million in France and the U.S.

The underwater houses of all these experiments, though different in size and shape, work on the same principle. Essentially each, is a leakproof container with an open port on the underside. By a simple old law of physics, as long as the pressure of air or breathable gas inside equals the pressure of the water outside, the water will not rise in the open port. Thus a diver can leave his dry undersea house through the port and return to it from the water as easily as getting in and out of a swimming pool.

There have been for some years safe gas mixtures and breathing equipment that allow a free diver to spend an hour or two at considerable depth, at pressures four or more times that at sea level. But after his short stay the diver must spend a tedious long time in calculated ascent, gradually purging himself of the inert gas that saturated his tissues while he was under increased pressure. If he ascends too fast, the gas in his tissues may form bubbles as the pressure diminishes, precisely as carbonic gas forms bubbles in a soft drink when it is uncapped. The bubbles in the human system can be deadly, or at least may bring about the anguish known as the "bends." To avoid the bends, a diver who does only a couple of hours' work while breathing air at a depth of 140 feet needs the whole afternoon simply to travel back to the surface.

However, nitrogen and helium, the two inert gases commonly used in breathing mixtures, totally saturate the human tissues in about 30 hours, regardless of depth. Thus the diver who lives below for a month in an underwater house can put in many days of work and yet will not have to spend any more time returning to the surface than if he had spent only a day and a night below.

When the world's first permanently submerged settlement is built at some time in the future, a plaque should be put up somewhere in the underwater town hall to honor two Frenchmen, Raymond Kientzy and André Portelatine. Kientzy, 34, and Portelatine, 47, deserve to be known as the first undersea men, for they were the first to live under pressure at a significant depth. Last summer, while five of their colleagues lived and breathed natural air at about twice normal pressure in a comparatively roomy house 36 feet down, Kientzy and Portelatine spent a week of steamy discomfort still farther down, at a depth of 90 feet, breathing an unnatural mixture of helium and air at about four times normal pressure. They slept (sometimes fitfully) and ate (sometimes indifferently) in a cramped cylindrical house hung by cables on the steep side of a coral rampart in the Red Sea. During their week in the deep, Kientzy and Portelatine sallied forth daily, exploring downward to the 363-foot level. In one week they went a long way toward proving that man can live at a depth that puts much of the sunken shelf land within reach.

On the plaque the name of a famous French diver, Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau, deserves a place beside the names of Kientzy and Portelatine, for he directed their pioneering week below. Beyond this contribution, Cousteau deserves mention because in the past 20 years he has done much to make the fanciful world of Jules Verne come true. There have always been mountains worth climbing, heights worth scaling, and now, thanks largely to Cousteau, there are depths worth sinking to.

The plaque should also honor Robert Stenuit, a 31-year-old Belgian diver, and Edwin Link, the 59-year-old American inventor. In a combination house-and-decompression chamber that Link designed, Stenuit two years ago stayed slightly more than 24 hours at 200 feet, breathing a helium-oxygen mixture at about seven times sea-level pressure. He had hoped to stay longer, but a minor failure in his gas supply forced him up. This week, in the Bahamas, Stenuit and

continued

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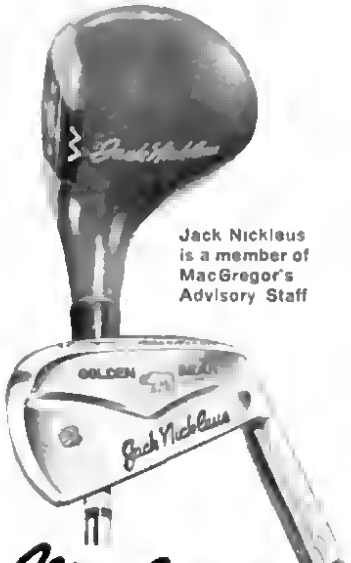

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Jon Lindbergh, son of another pioneer—Charles Lindbergh—were scheduled to try to live at 400 feet for three or four days in an inflatable rubber house designed by Link. Four hundred feet is a big, bold step, and hopefully one that would not cost Stenuit and Lindbergh their lives. At this early point in its history the new science of underwater living can ill afford martyrs.

Although Cousteau, Link and the others deserve more attention than they now get, there has been some criticism of their operations. The prolonged dive planned by Link, Stenuit and Lindbergh is unprecedented. No diver has ever been exposed to similar conditions for more than 24 hours, even in the simulated environment of a compression chamber on land. The critics ask: Why not study the effects on the human system in a compression chamber before venturing into the uncontrollable sea? The answer perhaps lies in the zeal of the three men. They were eager to find out: they were too restless to wait.

As for Cousteau, some divers feel he is not passing on as much knowledge as he could to others who are working to live underwater. In his account of life under the Red Sea last summer, Cousteau dotes on the beauty seen through the window of an underwater house and tells how he enjoyed a reeking Tuscan cigar after dining 36 feet below with five members of his team who lived there for a month. He reports that the champagne was flat because of the increased pressure, and he discourses on the odd behavior of wild and half-tame fish. Such an account popularizes undersea living but does not do much to advance it. It has been a year now, for example, since Cousteau's men, Kientzy and Portelatine, exposed themselves to a rather exact set of conditions that no man had tried before, even in a laboratory. Yet there has never been a physiological report on either of the men. This much is known: they are alive, sleeping and eating well and enjoying good wine. But there are physiologists in both hemispheres who would like to know much more about Kientzy and Portelatine—about their hearts, their lungs, their circulatory systems, their blood chemistries and their urine.

The gravest problems of undersea living lie within man. The human body is remarkably well designed to stand the direct effect of pressure underwater. But the indirect effects of pressure are something else again. The tissues of the body use only one gas, oxygen, but, in a curious way, the inert nitrogen that is inhaled and the toxic waste gas, carbon dioxide, that is exhaled are also important. The overburden of carbon dioxide in the system is the principal stimulus to breathing. The 78% nitrogen in our air serves as a diluent, cutting the oxygen down to a level that humans can live with. High concentrations of oxygen, if breathed too long, are toxic, a 55% concentration being about the tolerable limit for long periods at sea level.

Safe breathing mixtures are fairly easy to maintain. The only trouble is that a mixture that is safe at sea level can be dangerous and deadly in the increasing pressure below. The 21% oxygen in natural air is safe at very shallow depths, but at 66 feet it is more than a man can tolerate for long, and at 300 feet it is highly toxic. Similarly, the carbon dioxide concentration that a man must often tolerate in a fetid, car-choked city is more than he can stand at considerable depth. And, as even novices know, the inert gas, nitrogen, becomes increasingly narcotic as a diver descends. To make things worse, there are synergistic effects—evil collusion of the gases, you might say—that aggravate the dangers man faces below. The retention of too much carbon dioxide tends to increase the narcotic effect of nitrogen, and physiologists suspect that it also contributes to the toxic effect of oxygen. Nitrogen dulls the respiratory center of the brain, increasing the chance of anoxia or excessive buildup of carbon dioxide.

Some problems—notably narcosis and the gross density of the breathing mixture—are obviated by substituting a lighter inert gas, helium, for nitrogen. Oxygen toxicity can be prevented by lowering the oxygen percentage proportionately as the pressure increases below. To complicate matters further, men were not created equal for the sea. Some men tolerate the effects of pressure far better than others, for reasons not wholly understood.

In the past 60 years there has been much study of these problems, but virtually all of it was aimed at getting man down for short visits. Not until six years ago did anyone venture very far along the trail of research that will lead to per-

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manent settlement of the sea. If Cousteau and the others deserve a plaque in the town hall of the first underwater community, a statue of that first pathfinder should be erected in the center of the town square. The name: Captain George F. Bond.

Bond, a 49-year-old Navy doctor, first publicly suggested living in the sea in 1957, but he takes no credit for it—he came across the idea while reading the writings of a 15th century English bishop. Then, in October 1958, without any breathing apparatus, Bond and Navy Chief Cyril Tuckfield left the escape hatch of the submarine U.S.S. *Archerfish* at a depth of 302 feet. Carefully breathing out the single massive breath of air they had packed into their lungs in the hatch, they made the surface in 53 seconds and proved that the hitherto accepted submarine escape depth of 100 feet was far short of the potential limit. Sport divers who might be tempted to try the same thing with their brand-new scuba rigs should note that there are half a dozen different ways of dying en route up. Bond's dramatic ascent was preceded by much thinking and calculating and by practice at lesser depths.

Although he is a man of imagination, Captain Bond examines all new ideas, including his own, with the skepticism of a pawnbroker. About seven years ago he and his colleagues began a series of tests that exposed a variety of animals for prolonged periods to various breathing mixtures at pressure equal to 200 feet. In these tests Bond tried natural air (lethal), pure oxygen (lethal), a mixture of 97% nitrogen and 3% oxygen (definitely harmful), and a mixture of 97% helium and 3% oxygen (successful).

These tests, along with others, served as the departure point for the undersea experiments by Cousteau and Link. The fact that animals survived in helium-oxygen for 12 days indicates that man probably could, too—and Cousteau and Link acted on that conclusion—but the evidence was not compelling enough for Bond. He does not believe in guessing when knowing is possible. He frequently says, "It makes no sense to go underwater or anywhere else unless you know how you got there."

He began a series of simulated undersea tests on men, exposing them for prolonged periods to helium-oxygen mixtures at sea level and then at pressures equivalent to those at depths of 100 and 200 feet. Early in July, as a result of these tests, Bond will direct an operation in which four Navy men will try living for three weeks 192 feet down on an Atlantic rise 26 miles off Bermuda. Their 40-foot cylindrical house has all the homey charm of a Civil War submarine. It is in fact a scrap job, made of the fore and aft sections of experimental minesweeping floats. But it is safe, and if the sea can only keep its temper the test should be a success. The hearts and temperatures and pulmonary functions of the men will be checked daily. Blood and urine samples will be brought to the surface and analyzed. If Bond's undersea men should contract some new kind of undersea measles, it will be the best-documented measles epidemic in history, and in any case the cause of undersea development will have achieved a tremendous step forward.

JON LINDBERGH, son of the famous flyer, and Robert Stenuit hoped to descend to 400 feet this week and stay there for three or four days.

The careers of Captain Bond, Captain Cousteau and Edwin Link have an odd fact in common: in their younger years not one of the three had any intention of diving deeper than a mallard duck. Captain Cousteau discovered the new sport of goggle-fishing after his hopes of becoming an aviator were dashed by an automobile accident in 1936. He has had little time since to look back into

continued

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Note how there's no contact—in this Model 70—between the stock's fore end and the barrel. All risk of uneven pressure is eliminated. Allowed its *natural* vibration, a barrel must shoot straighter.

Lately, there have been a lot of experiments with barrels of this kind—which are joined to the rifle's stock *only* at, or near, the receiver. Instead of being firmly bedded in the fore end of the stock, the main length of the barrel "floats" inside it. Nothing touches it but air.

Until now, such barrels have been pretty well confined to expensive, custom-made rifles, designed for

*Except on the 375 and 458

Ommanney sights on running eland. "This new barrel 'floats'," he says. "But you can bet your life the bullet doesn't."

A red-letter day for the new 458 was the one when it bagged this big lion. Ommanney examines bullet mark in shoulder.

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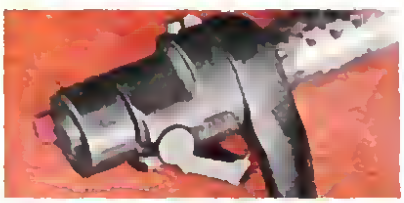
competitive target shooting. Most experts agree that a barrel which "floats" shoots more accurately—



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because there's no uneven surface contact and no uneven pressure to affect its *natural* vibration. Yet Winchester is first to fit a production rifle with a "free-floating" barrel.

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the sky. Edwin Link spent 20 successful years in aviation as a flyer, inventor (the Link Trainer) and industrialist. He did not dive seriously until his late 40s, an age when an affluent executive often thinks of nothing more strenuous than weekend golf.

Captain Bond's approach to the water was even more circuitous. He attended fine private schools in Switzerland and the U. S. and, after his family's fortune vanished in the Depression, he went to the University of Florida at a cost of $37 a year. He wanted to be a doctor, but first he earned a master's degree in philology so that he could teach languages while getting his medical degree at McGill University. Because it gave him free food, he also taught butchery at Florida, and the ire rises in him when he sees a supermarket hack abusing the butcher's art today.

After internship Bond went into the old mountains of North Carolina to practice among 6,000 people who lived 50 years behind the times in hamlets, coves and hollows. The 500 square miles that Dr. Bond covered included Chimney Rock (pop. 300), Bat Cave (pop. 76), Bearwallow (pop. 50) and World's Edge (pop. 20) and stretched southward to Drunkard's Flats and Pumpkin Center (pops. uncounted). He charged $1.50 for an office visit, $2 for a cabin call and $35 for delivery and postnatal care of a baby. He was paid in cash or in apples, honey, canned huckleberries, peaches, chickens and pigs. He soon was master of the world's worst hog farm, since the local folks customarily paid him with the runt of the litter.

Medically speaking, it was fertile ground, as Bond now recalls. "You name it, they had it." When he first went into the hills many there did not think a doctor was necessary—they had been living and dying for years without one. When a mountain lady brought out the family shotgun to protest an injection Bond wanted to give her daughter, Bond took a .38 pistol out of his doctor's bag. No shots were fired, one was administered. Bond's work as a country doctor became widely known. His medical years in the hills were reported in several magazines, in a documentary film and on radio. Today in Bat Cave there is something of a monument to Dr. Bond: a small hospital and clinic

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The Army called Bond down out of his hills during the Korean war. The Army then found it had too many doctors and bucked him over to the other services. He went through the Navy's deep-sea diving school and submarine school and ended up as medical officer of a submarine squadron, where he began having ideas. When his tour of duty was over, Bond went back to the hills, but they were no longer the challenge they had been. The problems of the sea kept nagging. He applied for permanent duty in the Navy and was accepted, and the entire course of undersea exploration was immeasurably enriched.

Still, lovers of the sea who yearn for a little place below that they can call their own should, for the present, keep their enthusiasm in check. The undersea development slickers most probably will be offering choice sites of breathtaking beauty in Coral Heights, Angelfish Hollow and other shallows just a few dozen feet down where breathing natural air is cheap and safe. The buyer should beware. He who buys a shallow house lives in a bright and cheery world, but on weekends he will have the nutty powerboat crowd of the land world roaring around right over the roof, tangling anchors in the shark fence and popping

continued

CAPTAIN GEORGE F. BOND, a U.S. Navy doctor whose pioneer research has been the key to underwater exploration, directs the Navy group.

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The man who cannot stand such lingering pressures of the land world must keep in mind that, in the stormless world still farther down, pressures of a different kind will also complicate his life. The man who takes a woman to live with him at 200 feet should know that the necessary helium in their atmosphere will bleed off body heat rapidly. The woman who complains about 68° in her living room on land will complain if the thermostat is set below 90° at 200 feet. And at that depth a shrill woman is very, very shrill, for in a helium atmosphere at increased pressure the normal resonance of the human voice goes to pot. The best Shakespeare spoken by Burton or Gielgud sounds like an LP phonograph record played at 78 rpm. In helium homes, undersea children who are taught the best English will sound as if they are speaking bad French. (In Bond's undersea house there is a separate telephone compartment with a nitrogen-oxygen mixture. The occupants can go there briefly for voice contact with support craft above them.)

In the undersea home of the future the man who goes back to the land world to sell the rubies he has been digging or to complain about the helium bill will undoubtedly, on his return, be accused by his wife of living it up on the road. In the way women have, she will know that he has been eating fried foods and eggs up there, luxuries she cannot have at home because of the acrolein and hydrogen sulfide that they add to the recirculating gas mixture. The 200-foot family that plans a picnic up on the top of the coral reef must remember not to take half a jar of peanut butter. Before they get there it may explode. The wife will have to remember that, no matter what color tunic she is wearing, her blue scuba tanks contain the correct breathing mixture for going up to visit the Joneses and the yellow tanks have the correct mixture for going down to the Smiths. Social outings must be planned carefully. The 200-foot family can go up to cocktails at the Joneses, then down to dinner at the Smiths. But they cannot go down for cocktails at the Smiths, then up to eat with the Joneses, or they might get the bends.

As Captain George Bond insists, it is a world that needs some thought and careful work. **END**

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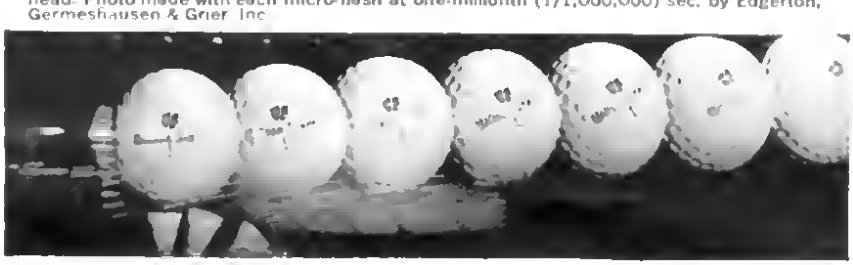

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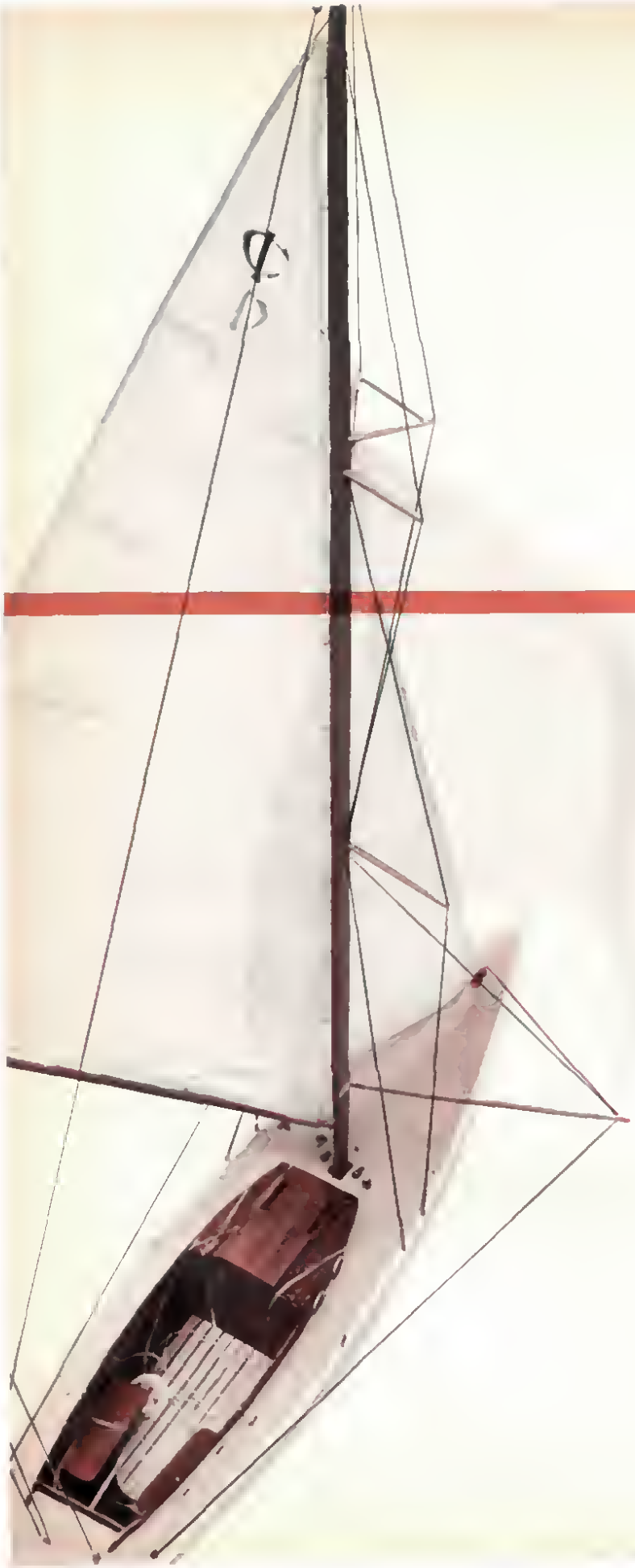

THE TRICKS OF MATCH RACING

BY CORNELIUS SHIELDS

From the book "Cornelius Shields on Sa[illegible]"
© 1964 by Prentice-Ha[illegible]

When the U.S. defender meets the British challenger for the America's Cup off Newport, R.I. this fall, they will battle for the heavyweight yachting championship of the world in a series of contests called match races. This mano o mono form of sailing combat differs from the ordinary fleet racing that takes place each weekend at the nation's yacht clubs as o World War I airborne dogfight differed from an orderly bombing mission. Indeed, to the bewildered landlubber the seemingly endless circling of the two cup yachts as they maneuver for favorable position at the start of a match race may be strongly reminiscent of the gyrations of a Von Richthofen or a Rickenbacker in an old war movie. Even skilled class-boat sailors can find themselves dizzied when plunged into the kind of boat-to-boat racing where time counts for little and all that matters is the position of an implacable opponent trying to shoot you down from the rear.

Here, in words and diagrams adapted and abbreviated from a chapter of his forthcoming book, the dean of American racing yachtsmen describes for landlubbers and skilled sailormen alike some of the tricks and techniques that have been applied to match racing by himself and his sailing son, Cornelius Jr. The boat in the pictures is a precisely scaled model of an International One-Design, one of the racing class that both Cornys made famous with their own swift and slippery Aileen.

One thing that is absolutely essential to all successful sailboat racing is a complete and thorough knowledge of the racing rules. A proper skipper must know and react to them with the reflexive instinct of a pigeon heading homeward in a storm or a well-trained automobile driver pulling to the right to avert collision.

Of the 78 rules adopted by the International Yacht Racing Union in 1961 to govern the conduct of races, the three most important are those that spell out the right-of-way when two or more yachts (in the rules, the term "yacht" is the official designation for a racing sailboat of any size) are about to collide. The first of these "fundamental" rules states that, virtually without exception, a yacht sailing on the port tack (*i.e.*, with her main boom carried over the right, or starboard, side) must keep out of the way of a yacht on the starboard tack (*i.e.*, with her boom over the port side). The second fundamental rule states that when both boats are on the same tack and overlapping (*i.e.*, when any part of the hull or equipment of one is directly abeam of any part of the other) the yacht to windward (*i.e.*, on the side from which the wind is blowing) must keep clear of the yacht to leeward. The third rule states that when both yachts are on the same tack and not overlapping, the yacht astern must keep clear of the yacht ahead.

There is a further rule that is every bit as important to the winning of races: the rule pertaining to "luffing rights." In general, once the race has started, no yacht, even one with right-of-way, is allowed to alter course for the specific purpose of threatening the other with collision, but under special circumstances a leeward yacht may alter course toward the wind for the specific purpose of forcing an opponent overlapping him on the windward side to do the same and hence lose headway. This is called luffing. It is permitted only if the man at the helm of the windward yacht is safely behind an imaginary line extending

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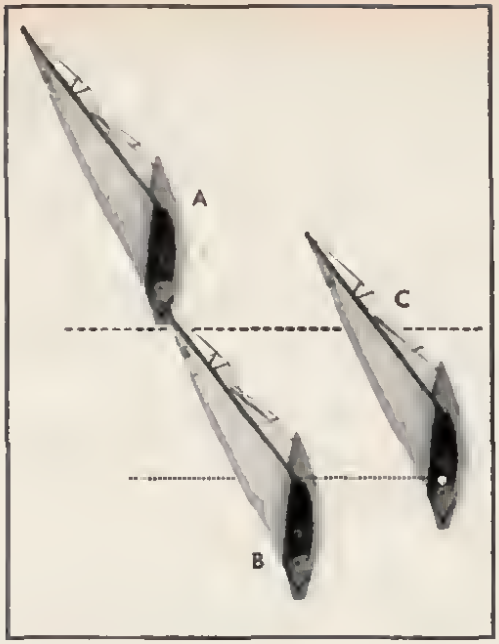

straight out from the base of his opponent's mainmast. If at any time while the two boats are overlapped the helmsman on the windward yacht is on or ahead of that line, the leeward boat's luffing rights cease to exist, although he still maintains his right-of-way over the other.

In the diagram at left all three yachts are close-hauled on the starboard tack (i.e., carrying their booms on the left side). Boat A is clear ahead of the others ond hence has right-of-way over both. Boat B is to leeward of boat C and thus has right-of-way over her, but since the helmsman of windward boat C can sight the mainmast of boat B directly abeam of his position ot the helm of C, he has achieved "mast-line position," and boat B has lost her right to luff.

In motch rocing the stort is all importont. In fleet rocing it is desiroble to be on the line when the storting gun sounds, but in motch rocing you con stort os lote os you like *provided* you hove the other boot covered. You must get on your opponent's stern os soon as possible and keep him constantly upset, surprised and even unnerved os you ottock.

Technique ond toctics in this toiling operotion must of necessity be precision-perfect. A false touch on the wheel or an improperly trimmed soil can cost precious position. You must constantly anticipote the movements ond positions of the other boot. Your decisions must be instontaneous ond, of course, correct.

In endeovoring to get on the stern of o competitor, meet him on on opposite course, widely seporoted so os to permit storting your turn eorly, well before you ore obeam of him. This wauld be when he is opproximotely 45° on your bow. The distonce between your course ond his should be three to four boot lengths, permitting you to mointoin speed on o grodual slow jibe or tock. Should you be fortunote ond hove timed your turn well, you will ochieve a position opproximotely o boat length ostern. A course slightly to leeward of your opponent's will permit you to control him. If he luffs, you should do likewise ond prevent him from tocking. If he beors off, you must beor off with him to establish on overlop to leeword ond hence get in o position to prevent him from jibing. You should maintoin this controlling position until you ore certoin you con jibe or tock for the line, with your competitor in on unfovoroble position. Remember, the moment at which you stort is of no consequence as long os you are in o controlling position. Don't stort until you ore sotisfied you ore in such o position.

If you ore unable to goin the controlling position and more than o boot length seporotes the boots, your competitor will, of course, attempt to escope your efforts to control. He will luff and tock, or beor off and jibe, os the white-hulled boot is doing in the diogrom opposite, continuing this circular course in an endeavor to prevent you from getting on overlop. Like the blue-hulled boot in the diogrom, you must follow, trying for this key to control. To do this properly you must hove previously determined the time required for o full circle—in both light and fresh breezes. At the stort of o circling moneuver make certain you or your novigotor knows the exoct

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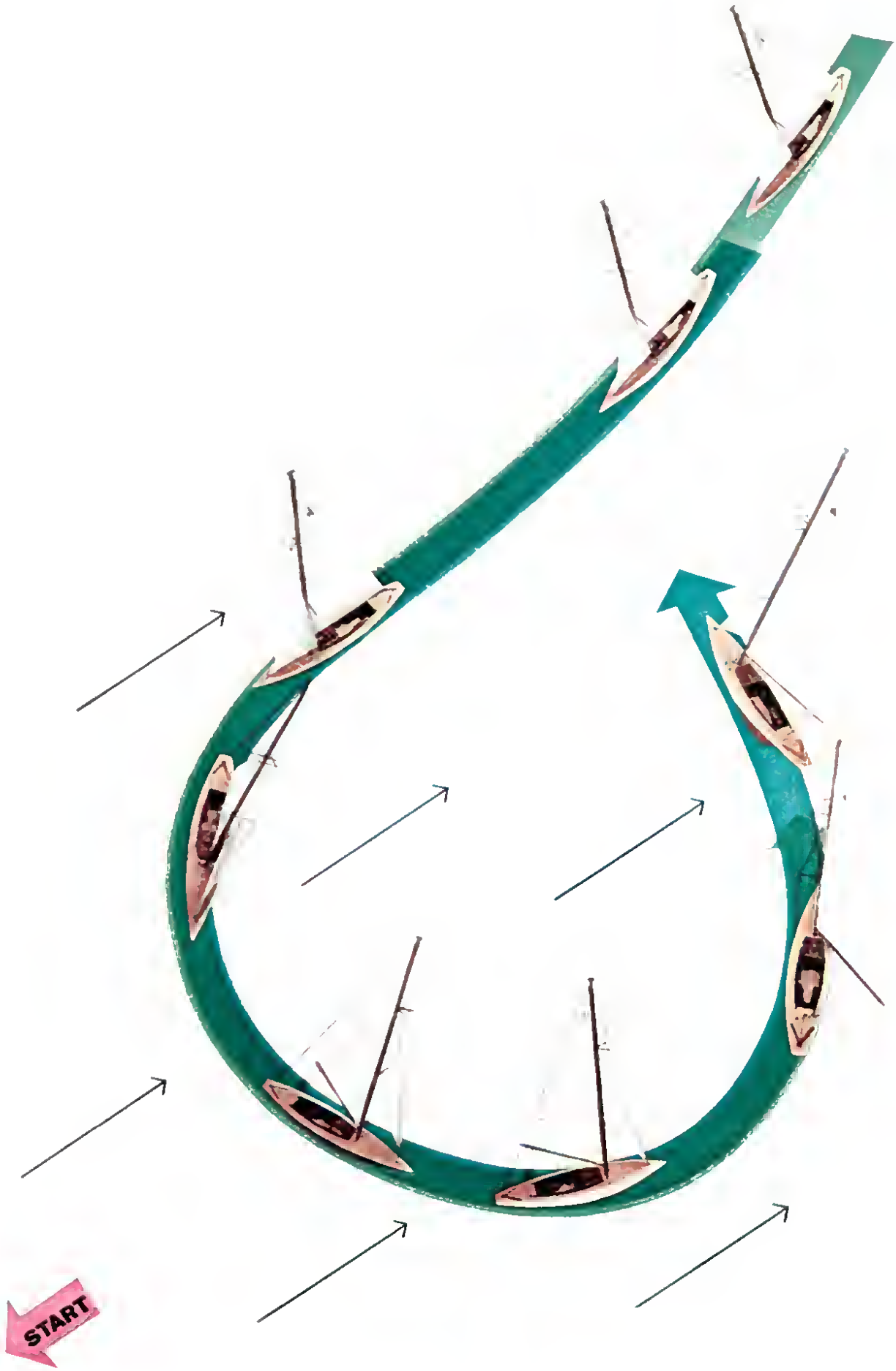
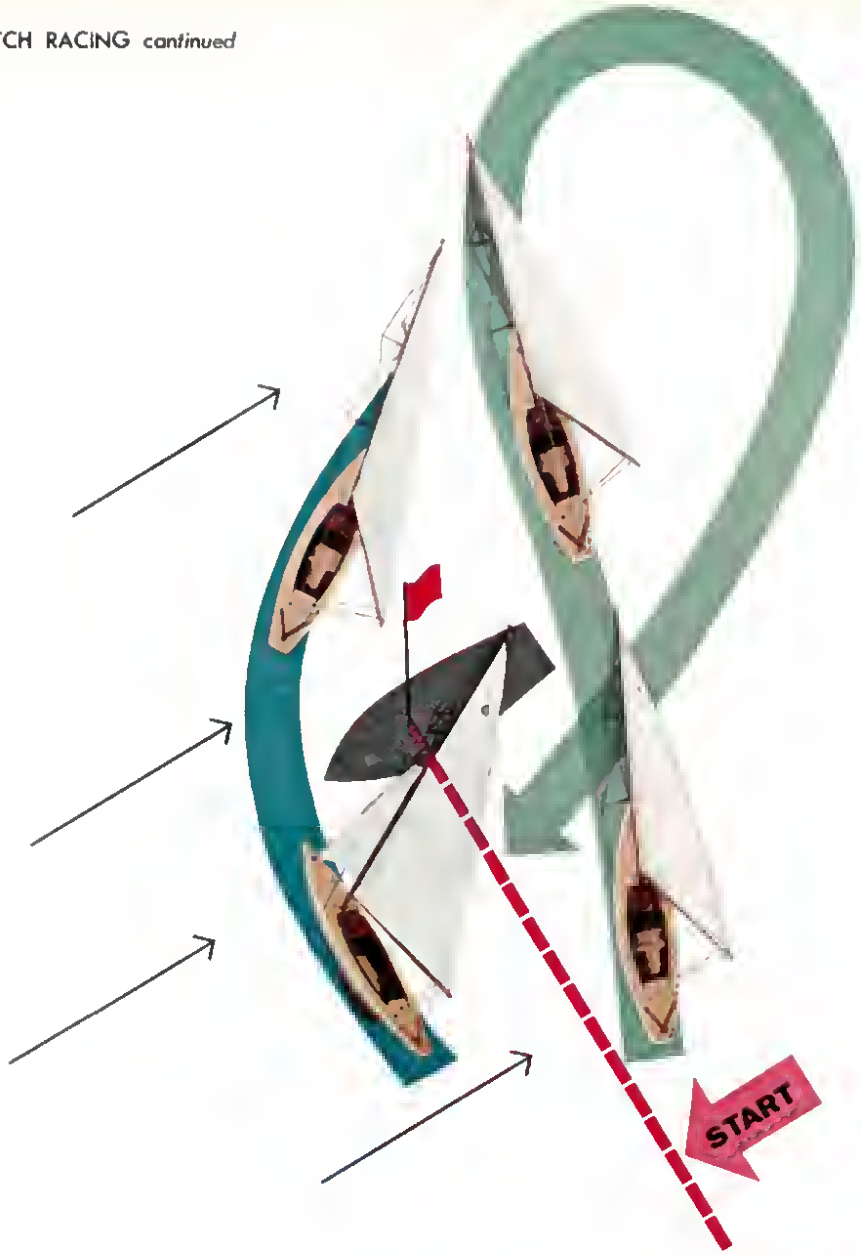
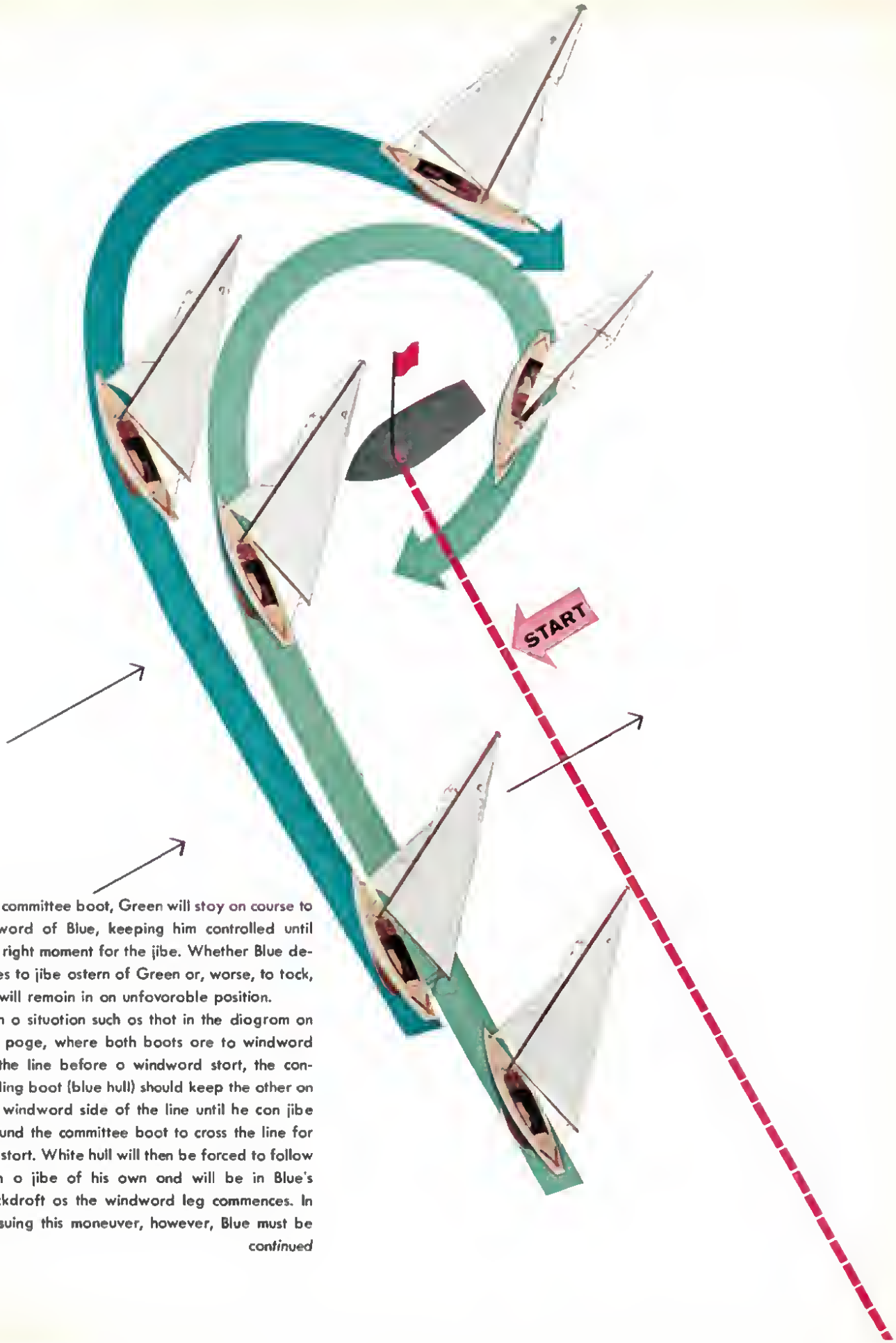

START



time and check off each full circle. As each circle ends you must decide whether there is sufficient time for another circle before the start, or whether you can leave your competitor and get to the line ahead of him, but not too soon for the gun.

The circling maneuver requires the utmost concentration, since it can make an unwary skipper as giddy as a small boy spinning with his eyes closed. Because he is concentrating on his boat and his competitor's to the exclusion of nearly everything else, the man at the helm may sometimes not know where the line is, let alone where its two ends are. For this reason, he must have assistance from a member of the crew who is concentrating solely on time and position.

There are other maneuvers just as fundamental to the match-race start as circling. One of them is illustrated in the diagram above. Up to the point pictured here, the boat on the green path has been in a controlling position behind the other boat. In spite of efforts to slow his speed, however, the boat on the blue path has approached the starting line too early. He plans to leave the committee boat to starboard and jibe around it, expecting the controlling boat to follow. But Green fools him by staying to leeward, leaving the committee boat to port and preventing Blue's jibe. Green then jibes for the line himself and crosses as the gun sounds. If both boats are still too early when they pass



the committee boat, Green will stay on course to leeward of Blue, keeping him controlled until the right moment for the jibe. Whether Blue decides to jibe astern of Green or, worse, to tack, he will remain in an unfavorable position.

In a situation such as that in the diagram on this page, where both boats are to windward of the line before a windward start, the controlling boat (blue hull) should keep the other on the windward side of the line until he can jibe around the committee boat to cross the line for the start. White hull will then be forced to follow with a jibe of his own and will be in Blue's backdraft as the windward leg commences. In pursuing this maneuver, however, Blue must be

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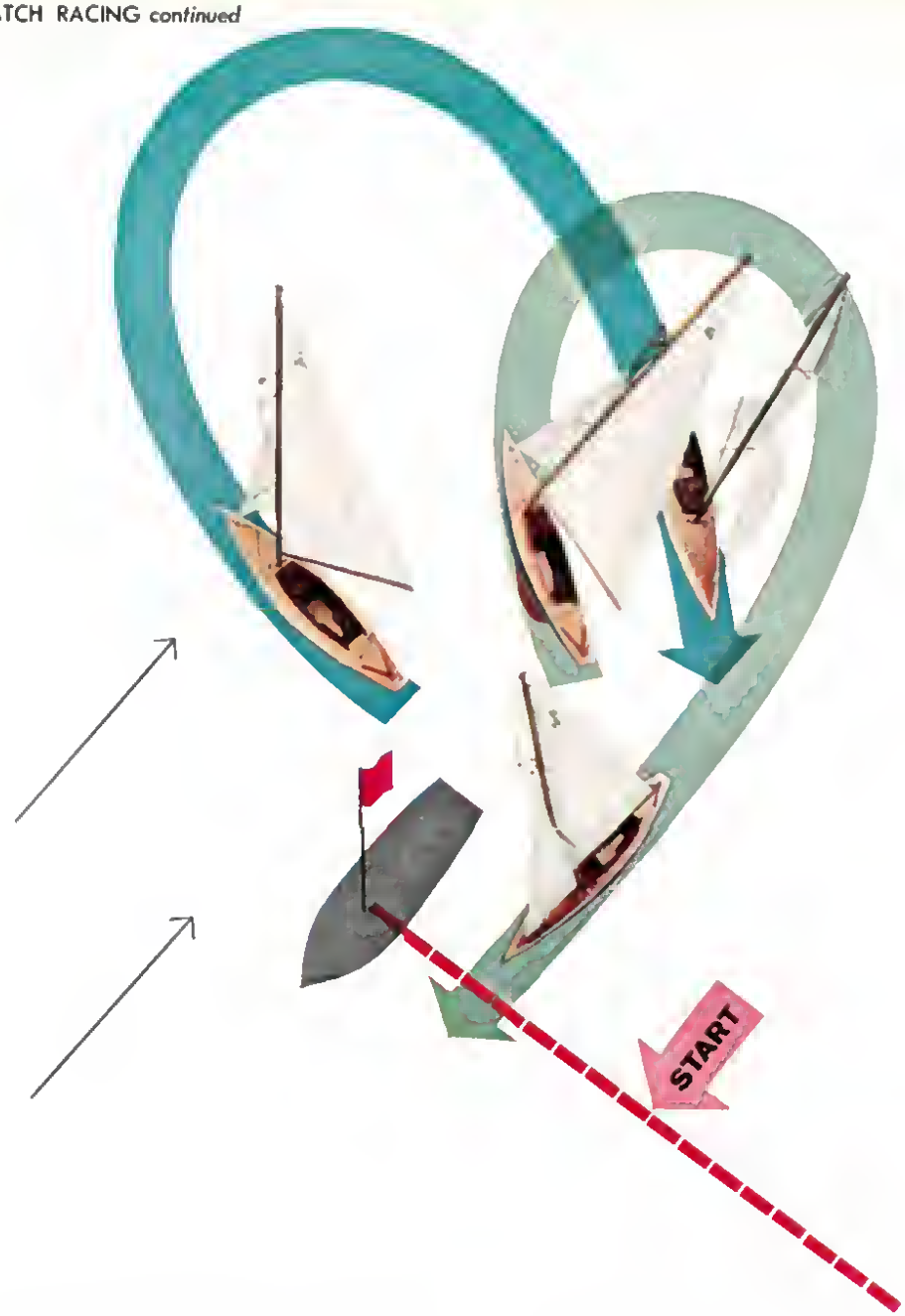


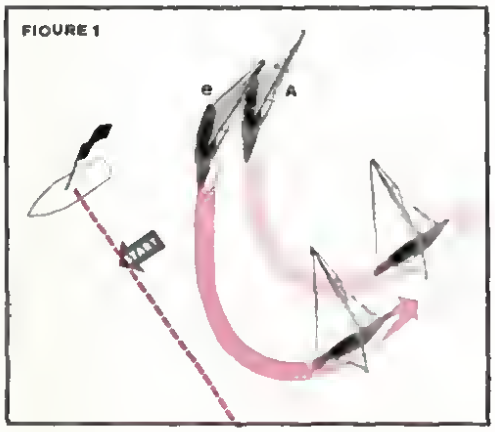
very careful not to beor off toward the line himself, permitting the other boot to do likewise and thus, possibly, ta dip over the line from the windward side and ottoin o tovoroble position at the gun.

While it may be o useful toctic in fleet racing, where crossing the line on the gun is importont, the moneuver knawn as "running time" (*i.e.*, timing your stort by running awoy from ond returning to the line, stopwotch in hand, with little regord for the other boats) is not odvisable in match racing since it can moke yau a sitting duck for ottock.

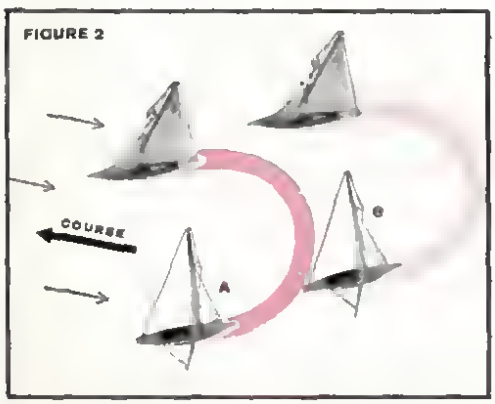
In the diogrom just above, the boot on the green path wos ottocked by the other as he wos running time. He tried to stove off the attack by returning to the line early, but the ottocker, the boat on the blue poth, ochieved his first objective by getting to a position under Green's lee bow, only to lose the odvontage o moment loter. Becouse both boots were early at the line, there was onother minute to be obsorbed. If Blue—at that point, like Green, on the starboord tock—hod luffed his odversory heod to wind to slaw him down, then had borne off him-

self, running down the line under controlled speed to maintain the overlap, he would have kept the advantage. He might have done so with a number of alternative maneuvers too numerous to show here. Instead, in his confusion Blue has made the bad mistake of luffing Green to windward of the committee boat, putting himself in an awkward position to reach the line and giving Green opportunity to kill the remaining time with a tack and a jibe. These tactics put Green in position to approach the line right on time and with right-of-way over Blue.

Even though Blue missed his chance when he put himself under Green's lee bow, it took adroit maneuvering on his part to get there. Since



Green was running time, he was probably moving at top speed and might well have sailed past his attacker to obtain a most-line position, as has boat B in Figure 1, where A would not have been permitted to luff. In order to get free, A might jibe, but B could retain his advantage by responding with a broader jibe of his



own, thus becoming "tailer" and gaining control.

Figure 2 shows a situation in which the boat in control (A) has sprung a surprise on his opponent (B) by deliberately putting him in the tailing position. This is a trap that can be sprung only if the springer is in a position of freedom from which he can get to either end of the starting line without interference. In most circumstances, if boat A were headed away from the line and let boat B get on his tail, the other boat would control him completely. As it is, however, in spite of the fact that A tacked and headed for the line early, permitting boat B to become the tailer, A has not actually relinquished control, since he is far enough away from the line to control his speed and decide when he wants to reach it. If B tries to ride up on him to windward, A can control him by luffing. If B tries to gain an overlap to leeward, A will still remain in control because of the most-line rule, which says that a leeward yacht cannot luff a windward yacht if the latter was ahead when the overlap began.

Some skippers, in their efforts to avoid being tailed, have evolved a plan that occasionally works but is, in my opinion, quite risky. Here the skipper delays breaking out his genoa until just before the start. If his opponent's jib is set, he is not in a position to tail because of his increased speed. But, without jibs, the control of both boats is materially reduced and fouls are more likely to occur. Furthermore, I believe that a good skipper should not take the defensive, but should become the forceful aggressor approximately seven minutes (in large boats such as 12s) before the start of a match race.

The best way to avoid being tailed is to keep your boat moving at the greatest speed that the wind will allow. On opposite courses pass as close to your competitor as possible to deny him tacking or jibing room to get on your stern. If you are in control and your opponent plans to jibe around the committee boat or any other

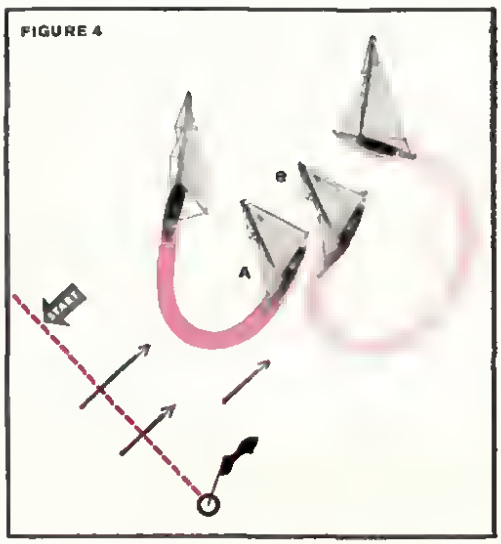
continued

boat not under way, prevent him from doing so by going to leeward of the boat he intends to go around, as in Figure 3. You can then retain your control. Some reduction of speed may be necessary, since you can become overlapped after you pass the obstruction boat if you don't slow down. Your defense then would be to tack after he has overlapped the obstruction boat.

The skipper of a controlled boat may luff head to wind very sharply in an effort to kill way and make the controlling boat shoot by or become abeam as the controlled boat loses way. He can then go on one tack only and must not fill away on the other at the risk of disqualification. If the maneuver works out as planned, the controlling position could then be reversed. The same situation could prevail if the "tailee" bears off sharply and is overridden by the tailer. In this case, the tailee should make every effort to be on starboard jibe.

Nothing is lost in this effort by the tailee, as he may at least be permitted to go into a defensive circle. This may give him an opportunity to go for the line when he elects, whereas before this he was denied freedom of maneuver.

FIGURE 4



If by fortune you find yourself with mast-line position while you are running for the start like boat A in Figure 4, the courses may be such that your opponent (B) cannot get up to the line. In this case, B's only defense is to jibe immediately and save as much time as possible for further maneuvering. He might then be clear on the start and, if sufficient time remains, he might even be in a position to put you (A) over the line prematurely, especially if you tack at the same time that he jibes.

After the start the match race becomes like any other race except for the fact that your major concern will still be to keep your single opponent covered. If he double-tacks, for instance, you must do the same. However, if he triple-tacks in an effort to get clear, I believe it better not to follow, because you will have an opportunity to gain two to three boat lengths as a result of his almost complete loss of way. If you are the leeward boat and covered, you will, of course, reach off a little in your endeavor to get clear. Under the present rule, which forbids a windward yacht from bearing off to keep a leeward yacht from passing, he cannot prevent your doing so. There are no boats to worry about, so tack as often as possible. Try to tire his crew out, or hope for a bad tack on his part.

In a tacking duel watch for false tacks. If your opponent falls back on his tack, do likewise, but make certain that you maintain maximum way on your boat. Your tacks should be slower than normal, but after getting head to wind, fill her away quickly, because after this point you are gaining nothing to windward.

When you are the weather boat, read the *compass heading immediately after being filled* away on your new course. This will permit you to disclaim any charge of bearing off. Your navigator should constantly take bearings on the other boat when you are in close proximity, to help you decide on the need for sail adjustments and to consider whether you should sail her finer or wider through the seas.

If you are ahead when you get to the lay line for the windward mark, under no circumstances overstand. It only brings your competitor closer, and you have given away the previous distance earned to windward. This may seem elementary, but it is surprising how many experienced skippers continue to cover their opponent after reaching the lay line. Although this one is a poor maneuver, there may be opportunities at the weather mark for other special maneuvers that are more effective. For example, say the boats are overlapped (as in Figure 5) and the mark must be left to port. The leeward boat (B) is maintaining his position because of having his

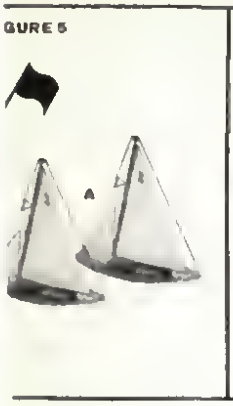


FIGURE 6

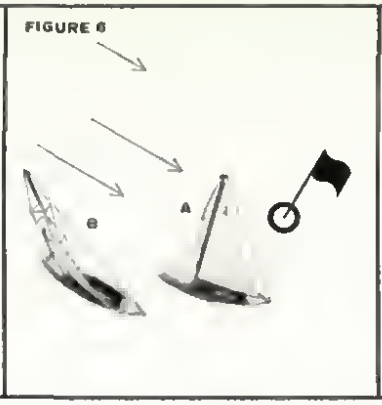
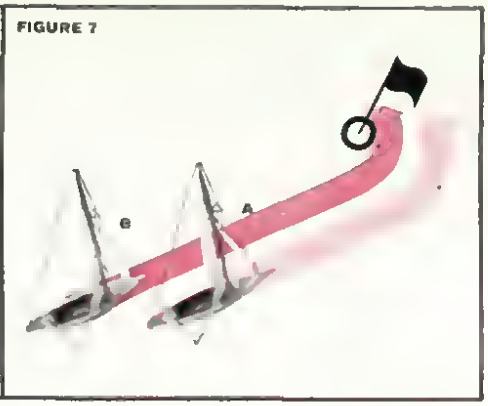


FIGURE 7



wind clear. The weather boat A, although he is nearer the mark, is not in the lead because of his requirement to give room as they tack and reach the mark. He therefore decides that if he goes by the lay line (*i.e.*, sails past the point at which he should head for the next mark) as in Figure 6, he will be in a better position to break the overlap as he reaches back to the mark (Figure 7). The leeward boat must be adroit in tacking simultaneously to maintain a relative position. In fact, when endeavoring to obtain this advantage he should gradually luff to bring the boats as close together as possible before both tack for the mark.

Figure 8 shows another situation in which two boats are overlapped on the starboard tack and comfortably laying a weather mark to be left to starboard. Even though he is to leeward of B and has luffing rights over him, boat A as the outside boat must give B room to round the mark on his side. However, the rules allow A to luff B to windward of the mark, provided he (A) passes to windward of the mark himself. Seeing a chance to increase his advantage, A does exactly that (Figure 9), continuing a sufficient distance to give himself room to jibe and hopefully coming to the mark with a comfortable lead. His greatest gain in this maneuver is that he has done the unexpected, causing great turmoil on the weather boat. In his surprise and confusion, the skipper of this boat may become "frozen to the handlebars" and continue on course until he has lost his only opportunity to maintain his former advantageous position. In this circumstance he should, as soon as he sees he will be taken to windward of the mark, tack without letting the jib sheet go, and then jibe. This will bring him around quicker, and the jib will be filled and ready for easing on his short reach to the mark (Figure 10).

Such maneuvers, though complex, are not far-fetched and should be expected to occur regularly in match racing. If advantages are not fought for, the helmsman is being too casual in his efforts to win. Remember, in match racing there are no other boats to be concerned with, and a fierce competitor will go to any lengths within the rules to win. Seizing the opportunity to do the unexpected in situations like this is the major secret of winning match races. END

FIGURE 8

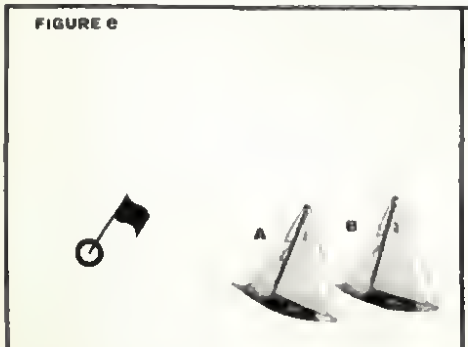


FIGURE 9

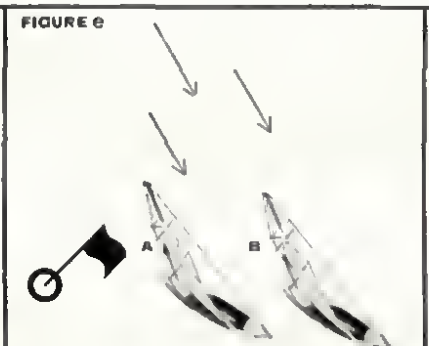
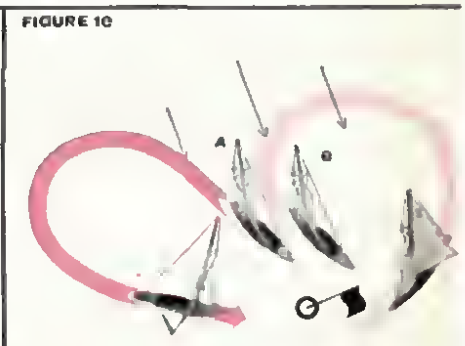


FIGURE 10



Actor **Gilbert Roland,** whose father, grandfather and great-grandfather all were *toreros* and who himself played the matador in the film *The Bullfighter and the Lady*, sat in his box seat at the bullring in Nogales, Mexico, pleased that Canadian Bullfighter **Carolyn Hayward** had dedicated her first bull of the afternoon to him. But the bull, hooking badly both to right and left, caught Miss Hayward with a horn and tossed her to the ground. Actor Roland instantly leaped into the arena, got to Miss Hayward and pulled her to safety. "I don't know what I was thinking," said Roland. "I guess the blood of a Mexican matador came out in me."

Republican Presidential Candidate **William Scranton**'s tennis form looks a bit awkward at times (*below*), but those who have watched him on the court claim that he actually is first-rate. "He could have been a top tournament player if he had taken the game seriously," said Robert Dixon, director of the Waverly (Pa.) Community House, where Scranton and his wife Mary often play doubles. "That's not just my opinion. I've heard tournament people say it."

Arkansas Football Coach **Frank Broyles** toured the Fayetteville (Ark.) Country Club golf course in a seven-under-par 63. Playing in a friendly foursome with two of his assistant coaches and a local businessman, Broyles reached 16 of the 18 greens in regulation figures but took only 26 putts. He also had an eagle 3 on the par-5 fifth when he holed a chip-in from three feet off the green. His reward for all this? "I don't see what you're so excited about," shrugged his wife. "It was only a practice round."

In a final practice run for the Newport-to-Bermuda yacht race, **Tom Watson Jr.**, chairman of the board of IBM, skippered his sloop *Palawan* to a fourth-place finish in the Indian Harbor Yacht Club's Whitmore Trophy race off Greenwich, Conn. After seeing his boat safely docked, Watson flew off to Vermont for a meeting of the board of directors of his ski resort, Smugglers' Notch. His navigator, **Ed Scheu**, president of the Good Humor Corp., stayed behind in Greenwich and gave native junior sailors something even better than a free strawberry shortcake on a stick—a stem-to-stern tour of the beautiful 54-foot sloop.

Since his wife, **Nan Gray**, taught him the finer points of baiting a hook, Singer **Frankie Laine** has become a fishing nut. When he is home in Malibu Beach, Calif. he fishes off his front porch, and if he has a singing engagement in a city near water he charters a boat. On a trip to Hawaii he caught a 227-pound blue marlin (his biggest catch), and during a recent four-week stay in New Orleans he landed 800 pounds of red snapper. But he does have a problem: "I have to take pills not to get seasick, and then I have to take pills to stay awake so I can fish."

In Great Britain the Queen's birthday honors list was well sprinkled with sportsmen. Scottish Racing Driver **Jimmy Clark** was awarded an OBE (Officer of the Order of the British Empire) for "services to motor racing," and Australian Miler **Herb Elliott** earned an MBE (Member of the Order of the British Empire) for "services in the field of athletics." Some other sports figures honored: Cricket Player **Alex Bedser**, Soccer Player **Jimmy Dickinson** and **Mrs. Beryl Burton**, a 26-year-old Yorkshire housewife and the women's world cycling pursuit-race champion, who was awarded an MBE for "services to cycling."

Politically ambitious **Winthrop Rockefeller**, younger brother of New York's Rocky, is building four bowling alleys, two exercise rooms and a couple of squash courts at his Winrock Farm in Arkansas, but they are mainly for his family's use, not his. The 52-year-old Republican does not believe in competitive sports for men his age and is keeping fit for the November race with Governor Orval Faubus by climbing hills and sawing unwanted branches from the trees around his place. "They are well-rounded and rewarding forms of exercise," he explained, "and not a bit like competitive sports. When I'm tired and short of breath I can quit."

Nor does **Cary Grant**, who seems to get better-looking with the years, have a special formula for fighting off the ravages of age. "I am constantly amazed to read that I distill vegetable juices, swim daily as if I were training to cross the English Channel and spend six hours a day in a gym," said the 60-year-old Grant. "I really don't do a damn thing. I swim whenever I feel like it, because it's the least exertive of exercises, and I go horseback riding, because the horse does all the work."

Prince Hugo Carlos de Borbón y Parma is teaching his new bride, **Princess Irene** of The Netherlands, how to play tennis. At a club in Madrid, Irene, clad simply in boyish white shorts and a linen shirt, swings gamely and listens to instructions by the hour. "She runs a lot, sweats a lot and misses a lot," said a cynical ball boy at the club. "She is *na vale nada*." Meaning not much good.

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For Ferrari, some fast company at last

The bold new Fords did not finish at Le Mans but one led for a shining hour, ending the era in which the mere presence of Ferraris meant victory. Cobras again excelled, thumping Ferrari GTs

The 24 hours of Le Mans is not an automobile race," remarked Carroll Shelby only half jokingly. "It's a spectacle." To see the spectacle every year great throngs of Continental automobile fans, including a sizable contingent of American soldiers from Western Germany, make a holy motoring pilgrimage to the French city. They stand up most of the time, sleep on the hard, cold ground and gobble up Breton *crêpes* (light pancakes) the way Americans eat hot dogs. Actually, the spectators do not see much of the racing cars because they are out of sight most of the time. That is why the most fervent fans have to be amused by Coney Island-type stands and outdoor movies. There is even a golf tournament inside the circuit during the race.

All the same the Le Mans race and the county fair which springs up for two days around it are more than just a spectacle. Not joking at all, Shelby also said: "Outside of the United States the Le Mans race has more prestige than all the other races put together. Le Mans receives throughout the world probably five times as much publicity as Indianapolis. Any automobile manufacturer who wants to make a name for himself in racing has to do well at Le Mans."

As manufacturer of the Ford-engined Cobra Grand Touring cars, Shelby went to Le Mans last week to battle for a share of that prestige. He got what he went for. A fastback Cobra coupe driven by Dan Gurney and Bob Bondurant outsped every other GT car, shaming two from the mighty Ferrari factory on the way, and seized fourth place overall.

But the big news at Le Mans and the reason for a record attendance of 300,000 was the presence of some swift new Detroit iron. Bored with a dreary succession of Ferrari victories, the crowd came to cheer three low, lithe, blue-and-white Ford V-8 coupes that promised, at last, to give Ferrari's fastest—four rakish red prototype sports cars—a real scrap.

America had tried before. In the years between the world wars there were assaults at Le Mans by Chrysler, Stutz, Du Pont, Overland and Willys-Knight, but the best the Yanks could do was a second by Stutz in 1928. The gallant and costly postwar expeditions by Sportsman Briggs Cunningham and his Cunningham cars yielded two third-place finishes.

Now here was Ford embarking on no gentlemanly adventure but a lavishly financed all-out war against the conquering Ferraris. Designed in Dearborn, built in England, equipped with the rugged aluminum pushrod V-8s first sprung at Indianapolis in 1963, the trio of Ford prototypes lifted patriotic American hearts with their speed in practice.

Only 40 inches high and 13 feet long, the new Ford is of steel monocoque construction with fiber glass panels in the doors and body ends. It weighs 1,820 pounds dry and is independently sprung on all four wheels. The 4.2-liter engine, developing 350 hp, is mounted behind the driver but forward of the rear axles. Later this year the new 425-hp overhead camshaft Indianapolis engine will replace the pushrod unit.

By using the resources of the small British Lola racing works and computer analysis of trial runs, and by heeding the lessons from the crackups of two preliminary models—they were aerodynamically unsound—Ford cut some six months from the time it normally would have taken to launch so ambitious a project.

At Le Mans the Ford men were cautiously optimistic. "Primarily," said

continued

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Team Manager John Wyer, "we want to finish the race. We aim to keep our cars running rather than take part in a dogfight. We have no background of experience; there is a lot still to find out about the cars. Our real future lies in the medium to long period. History has shown that Le Mans is won by cars which are fully developed and almost approaching obsolescence. The possibilities are there: the basic engineering is superlative. I have no hesitation in saying that it is the best car I have ever been associated with. It has come closer to being raceworthy in a shorter time than any car I've ever known."

Said Ford Engineer Roy Lunn: "Our problem is that we have tried to jump on a moving tramcar going 50 mph. This year we simply plan to prove our potential and learn a lot."

"It would be a miracle," said a seasoned racegoer, "if they should beat the Ferraris in their debut at Le Mans."

Precisely at 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon the race began—and for one gorgeous hour it looked as if the miracle might come to pass. Peering through the broad expanse of windshield before him, perky little Richie Ginther of California sprinted out ahead of the Ferraris and everything else in the 55-car field, and stayed out ahead until time to trade off with co-driver Masten Gregory.

Pit mechanics took a good two minutes to refuel the Ford, as they dawdled, the Ferraris swept past, sounding the shrill, piercing exhaust note for which they are famous, and dreamers of miracles came back to earth. Phil Hill, thrice winner of Le Mans in Ferraris, had started tardily in a second Ford and was far behind. The third Ford, driven by Britain's Richard Attwood and France's Jo Schlesser, was being outpaced.

Meanwhile, Shelby's Cobras were doing fine. "They're running first and second in GT," he exclaimed. "I don't care about the overall standings." Shelby's only concern was that his two Cobras, promising to repeat a GT victory at Sebring, were going a bit too fast. "The fellow who can keep his foot off the accelerator is the one who wins," he said. "It's a very long race."

Suddenly there was an accident that nearly became a tragedy. A green Triumph Spitfire, driven by an American, Michael Rothschild, went out of control at 100 mph, struck an earth barrier and bounced back onto the track. Pedro Rodriguez whipped by between the Triumph and the embankment, missing Rothschild literally by inches. An hour later Rodriguez was himself forced out of the race when his Ferrari blew a gasket.

At the Ford pit Phil Hill lamented his slow start and five stops for carburetor trouble. "I'm four or five laps behind now," he said, "but by the 23rd hour I'll be back among the leaders." Few took him seriously.

Less than an hour later, Hill's car was the only one of the three Ford prototypes left in the race. On the 58th lap, while in sixth place, Attwood's Ford inexplicably caught fire. Attwood escaped injury, but the car was out.

On its 64th trip around the circuit Gregory's car pulled into the pits with transmission trouble. For an hour mechanics desperately sought to fix the gearbox. They were unable to do so and out went Ford No. 2.

Disappointed fans settled back for another Ferrari walkaway. Then Shelby's Cobras began to move up and occupied fourth and fifth places, behind three Ferraris. Once in 28th place, Phil Hill, too, gained on Ferraris and by midnight he was eighth.

Toward midnight a British-entered Ford Cobra and a Ferrari collided. Three teen-agers standing on a forbidden section of the track were killed by debris from the collision.

And, alas, around 1:30 in the morning Hill's transmission selector went on the blink and could not be repaired. The third and last Ford prototype was out. Before it expired, though, Hill carved out the fastest racing lap in Le Mans history: 3:49.2. The only real question remaining was which Ferrari prototype would win. In the end it was the 3.3-liter V-12 of France's Jean Guichet and Italy's Nino Vaccarella. Followed by two other Ferrari prototypes, the winners in their wonderful, durable racer had set a record worthy of Enzo Ferrari, covering 2,915 miles at an average speed of 121.49 mph.

The Gurney-Bondurant Cobra might have finished third but for an oil-line break shortly before dawn on Sunday which took 35 minutes to fix.

"But," said Shelby, "fourth isn't bad at all. Maybe America didn't hammer any nails in Ferrari's coffin this time, but we threw a scare into him. Next year we'll have his hide." **END**

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SOX HEX

Continued from page 21

of the worst indignities in all his years as America's No. 1 Yankee-hater. New York scored a run in the 10th to win 4–3, and as John Blanchard, the Yankees' occasional outfielder, occasional catcher, ran in from the bullpen he saw something he had never seen before: "I looked over and there was Lopez standing on the top step of the dugout. His players were filing past him to the dressing room but he kept staring out into space. This whole series must have been like a kick in the guts. Now he has to go on and play Baltimore and then us again."

For 20 minutes no one said a word on the team bus taking the White Sox from Yankee Stadium to their chartered plane in Newark. On the 45-minute flight to Baltimore few could eat. On the South Side of Chicago a man sat down with a ballpoint pen and a sheet of clean white paper and wrote a letter to Ron Hansen. It said:

"You bunch of chokes. You're worse than the Mets. You're scared of a Yankee uniform. I'm glad you guys don't have to fight a war. You cowards."

The standings

BALTIMORE	34	21	618	—
CHICAGO	31	20	.608	t
NEW YORK	32	21	604	1

MONDAY, JUNE 15. Throughout the day the White Sox players avoided the lobby of the Lord Baltimore Hotel. Just before 5:30 p.m. they came down in the elevators and shuffled toward the bus taking them to Memorial Stadium. Since May 8 the Orioles had won 24 of 37 games; not since 1960 had an Oriole team been in first place this late in the season. Tonight's game was to be televised back to Chicago, and the way the Sox had been going lately it did not seem like a particularly good idea. In the first inning, however, they bounced back with three singles, three doubles and two walks to score seven runs. Al Weis, the fast young second baseman who looks like a rock-'n'-roll singer, jumped up and down in the dugout, and the Sox applauded one another all night. They won 9–1 and regained first place. It was the sixth time this year the White Sox had taken the league lead.

The standings

CHICAGO	32	20	.615	—
BALTIMORE	34	22	.607	—
NEW YORK	32	21	.604	½

TUESDAY, JUNE 16. Donald Duck got up around 11 a.m. today and went for a walk. Donald Duck is Eddie Fisher, the 27-year-old right-hander who was given credit for last night's victory; the starting pitcher, Fred Talbot, left after three innings when a line drive hit him on the ankle. "I could imitate Donald Duck for almost as long as I can remember," said Fisher. "Sometimes I will be talking to somebody, and then all of a sudden I'll talk like Donald just to see the expression on the guy's face. When I go to banquets during the off season I talk a little and then go right into Donald. Shakes people up a little.

"Last night really picked us up. We know we weren't as bad as we played in New York. If you ask any player about playing in Yankee Stadium he will tell you that it is no different than playing anyplace else, but it is. You know the records through the years when you go in there. You know their team is usually excellent and you live with that in the back of your mind before a game starts. But we aren't as bad as we looked in there this time." Two young boys walked past, and Fisher went into the Donald Duck routine. The boys stopped, looked all around and walked away bewildered. Fisher laughed. Tonight the Sox split with Baltimore, and the Yankees had to scramble to split with the Red Sox in New York.

WHEN VOODOO FAILED, so did the goad of this poison-pen letter on locker room wall.

The standings

CHICAGO	33	21	.611	—
BALTIMORE	35	23	.603	—
NEW YORK	33	22	.600	½

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17. Today the poison-pen letter from the South Side of Chicago arrived for Ron Hansen. He opened it and threw it onto the clubhouse floor in disgust, but First Baseman Joe Cunningham picked it up and taped it to the door near the trainer's room. As each player walked past he read it. But Cunningham's psychology failed. The Sox lost to Baltimore's fine rookie right-hander, Wally Bunker, 6–1. Before the game the Sox had heard that the Yankees had lost in 12 innings to Boston—their seventh loss in 11 extra-inning games this year. The Sox had blown a good chance to gain ground.

The standings

BALTIMORE	36	23	.610	—
CHICAGO	33	22	.600	1
NEW YORK	33	23	.589	1½

THURSDAY, JUNE 18. The gray suitcases were lined up in the hotel lobby tonight at 5 p.m. Outfielder Mike Hershberger was standing alongside, chatting with Starting Pitcher Frank Kreutzer. This was a big game for 24-year-old Kreutzer and a big game for the White Sox. "They want to save the big guys for the Yankee series," said Kreutzer. "My job is to go as far as I can go as hard as I can go." Hershberger carried a box under his arm that held a new pair of baseball shoes with plastic soles. "We need this one tonight," he said. "You hate to lose the last game of any series, because the flight back is brutal. The way we've been going, it would be even worse. We're two and seven on this trip, but we still have a chance to return to Chicago in first place if we win tonight." At the ball park Hershberger put on his new shoes for batting practice, and as he stepped into the batting cage Dave Nicholson, the muscular Chicago home run hitter and American League strikeout king, kidded him. "Hey, Hersey," he said. "Why don't you get a pair with white laces and a buckle in the back?" Hershberger said nothing but hit the ball hard in batting practice.

Kreutzer started superbly, and in the fourth inning Hershberger hit a Dave McNally pitch 370 feet for a home run. It was Hershberger's first of the year, in 197 at bats, and as he trotted back to the dugout some of the players leaned their heads back and closed their eyes as

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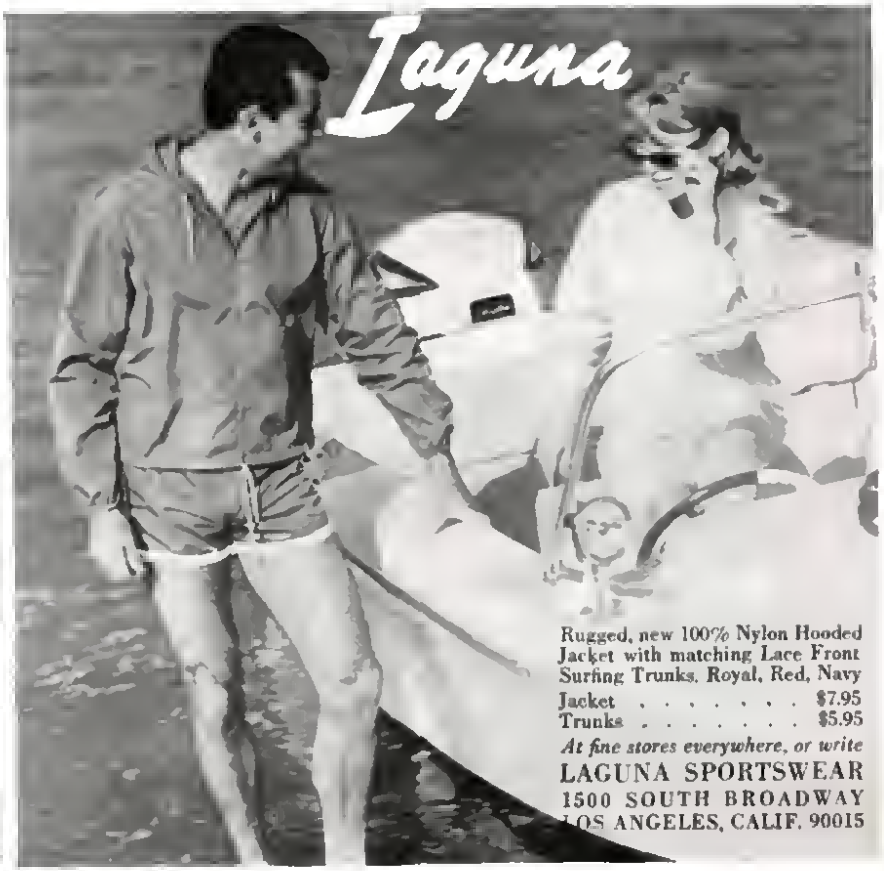

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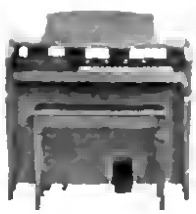

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if they had fainted. In the bottom of the fourth inning Al Weis made a brilliant play at second base to stop a Baltimore rally. With Sam Bowens on first for the Orioles, Jerry Adair lashed a ball to Weis's right. As Weis got to the ball he saw that Adair's great speed had carried him almost to first and that Bowens was slowing down in the middle of the baseline to spook Weis out of the double play. Instead of flipping the ball to second for the forceout, thus losing Adair, Weis threw hard to first to nip Adair, and Joe Cunningham's throw back to second got a sliding Bowens. In the sixth inning Weis slammed a ball 380 feet to left center for a home run. ("I just can't hit a ball that hard," he said later.) Kreutzer went six good innings, but Lopez felt he was beginning to tire and took him out. Hoyt Wilhelm faced only 10 hitters to finish up, and the White Sox won 2–0, pushing themselves back into first place for the seventh time. On the bus to the chartered plane taking them back to Chicago, Donald Duck quacked up a storm, and Gary Peters, next day's pitcher against the Yankees, did a fine imitation of Crazy Guggenheim. Minnie Minoso, who left the Sox two years ago at age 41 and came back to them this year at age 39, was the first player up the stairs and into the plane. The stewardess gave Minnie a beer, and he smiled his great big smile. The plane took off late, and when it finally got to Chicago at 2:25 a.m. C.D.T., it landed badly. The DC-6 bounced, rolled and then bounced some more. The players held onto the arms of their seats and looked at each other with frozen stares. When the plane finally stopped they scampered down the steps and into the darkness.

The Yankees beat Boston today 6–3

The standings

CHICAGO	34	22	.607	—
BALTIMORE	36	24	.600	—
NEW YORK	34	23	.596	½

FRIDAY, JUNE 19. Wherever the White Sox went today the question was the same: What happened on the road? But home, of course, is where the Sox play best, and no team in either major league has been able to build a home night-game record this year comparable to Chicago's 10-1. Tonight the Sox again appeared to have a decided edge over the Yankees. Gary Peters, the only Sox pitcher who had been able to beat New York in the last 14 games between the two teams, was the starter. Berra chose Steve Hamilton to pitch for the Yankees. A sellout crowd was in White Sox Park when a tremendous electrical storm struck. After an hour and a half the game was called. It had cost the White Sox management $12,000 to open the gates.

Nothing was going right for Chicago. After the postponement Al Lopez was told that Berra was going to start Whitey Ford the next day. The Sox had not scored a run off Ford in 32 consecutive innings. Baltimore won a doubleheader from Boston 2–1 and 6–5. The Orioles had now won 18 of 20 one-run games.

The standings

BALTIMORE	38	24	.613	—
CHICAGO	34	22	.607	1
NEW YORK	34	23	.596	1½

SATURDAY, JUNE 20. Ed Short had the doll out again, and the New York pin went right in its ear. Voodoo had been in a slump but, with Ford pitching, Short was trying everything. In the top of the fifth Jimmy Gleason, the Yankee first-base coach, did something that hadn't been tried in the major leagues in years. He used his spikes to spell out a message in the coaching box: "Sox lose." Nearly everyone saw it. In the bottom of the fifth Don Gutteridge, the White Sox first-base coach, erased it.

Peters was magnificent but Ford was even better, and he got a scratch hit from Elston Howard in the 11th inning to win

IN THE GLOOM of third place after their sudden fall, Short and Lopez reflect on Chicago's inability to take one game from the Yankees.

1–0. Lopez moved quickly to the clubhouse after the last out. His players followed slowly, with their heads down. After everyone had left the park Lopez came back up the tunnel that leads from the dressing room to the dugout. His players dragged behind him, then took an hour's batting practice.

Baltimore won tonight, the White Sox dropped to third and the Yankees moved up to second. What more, what worse could possibly happen tomorrow? There are great plans. The sons of the Sox are coming to the park in miniature Chicago uniforms. Between games of the Sunday doubleheader there will be a father-son game. A wise guy at Don the Beachcomber's late tonight said he would lay 6 to 5 on the kids.

The standings

Baltimore	39	24	.619	—
New York	35	23	.603	1½
Chicago	34	23	596	2

Sunday, June 21. Today the White Sox frustration became absolute. Once again the pitching was superb, but yesterday's extra batting practice did not help. At the end of today's doubleheader the Sox had scored five runs in 64 innings.

Juan Pizarro, the chunky Puerto Rican who loves to sun himself on the dugout steps and pop large gobs of chewing tobacco into his mouth, made only two mistakes in the first game. Both were turned into home runs, and the Yankees won 2–0. Pizarro, who enjoys needling his teammates during batting practice, was silent today.

In the second game 26-year-old Joe Horlen pitched beautifully, but again there was no hitting behind him. The Sox got a good break after a had one in the first inning when First Baseman Joe Cunningham was injured diving for a fly ball and Lopez put 23-year-old Tom McCraw into the lineup. McCraw lined a single in the fifth inning to drive in the first Chicago run in 27 innings. McCraw is an eager ballplayer: when Lopez asked him if he would mind trying center field for the first time in his professional career he said, "Yes, sir! Say hey!"

But the Chicago bats were silent after McCraw's RBI, and the Sox lost in an almost unbearable 17 innings 2–1. Since last Friday the team had batted .187. It's a shame that doll cannot pinch-hit.

The standings

New York	37	23	.617	—
Baltimore	39	25	.609	—
Chicago	34	25	.576	2½

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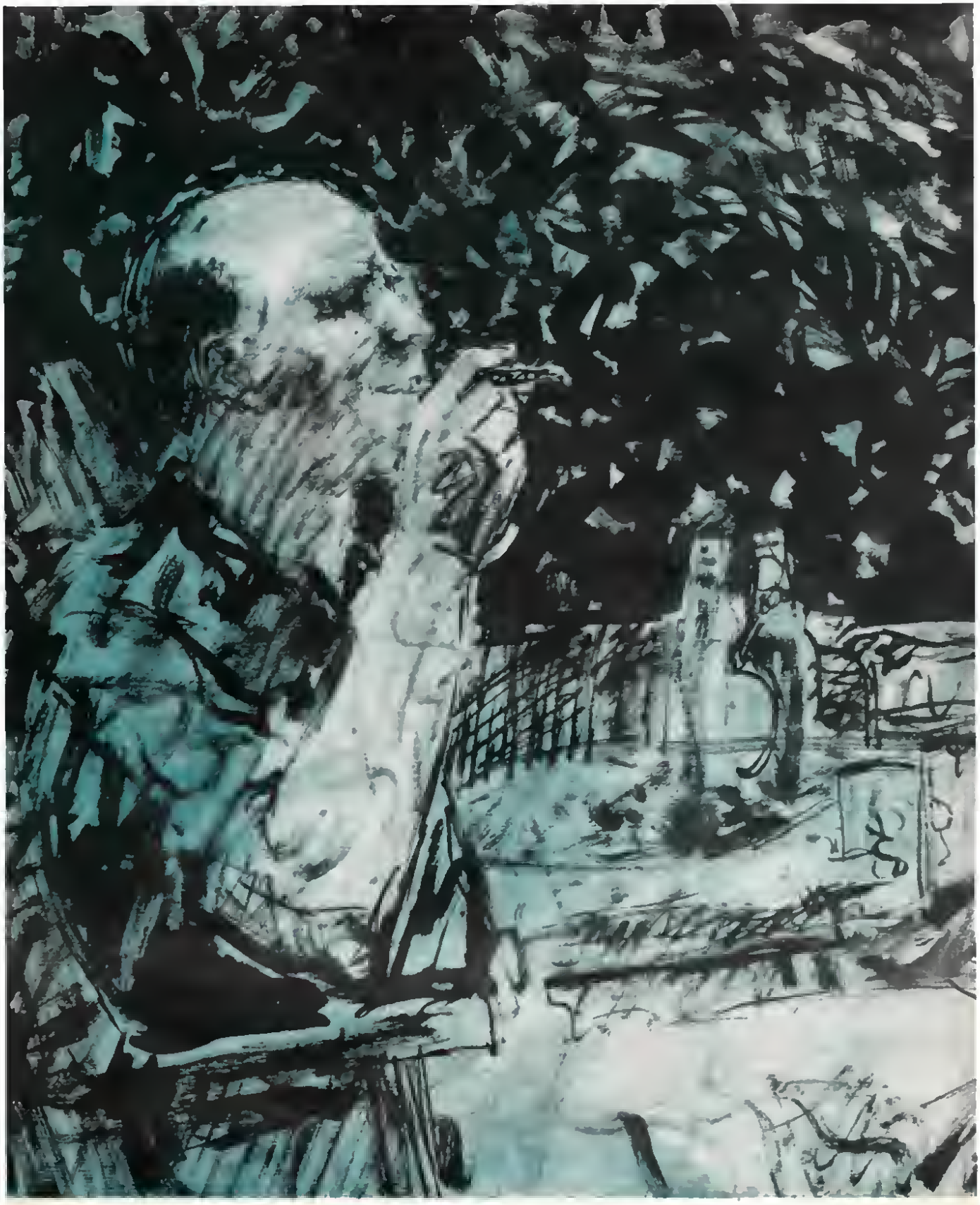
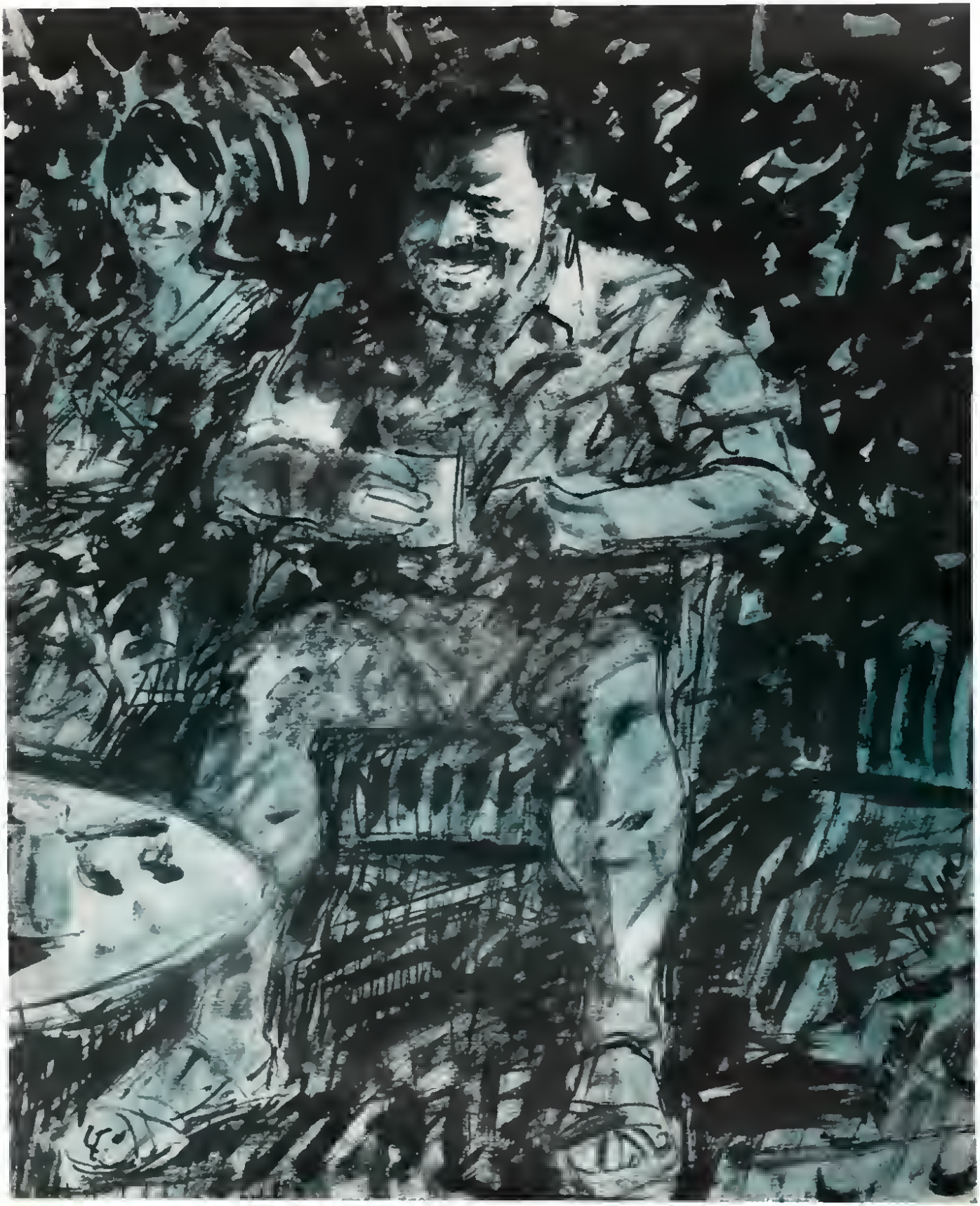


OLD HEM WAS A SPORT

BY JOHN DOS PASSOS



THOMAS B. ALLEN

One of America's foremost authors presents an often warm and occasionally tart reminiscence of Ernest Hemingway 30 years ago, a period when the living was easy, the fishing was frantic and the Old Master was coveting a submachine gun

CONTINUED

Some of the best times I ever had in my life were with Ernest Hemingway in Key West. I'd first been through there sometime in the early '20s when, in the course of a walking hitchhiking trip down Florida, being dead-tired, thirsty and horribly hot, I got on a train at a little station and asked the conductor where the train was going. He said Key West and I said fine and by some miracle I had the cash for the fare. I'll never forget the dreamlike crossing of the Keys on the old Flagler viaduct.

In those days Key West really was an island. It was a coaling station. As I remember, there was a good deal of shipping in the harbor. The air smelt of the Gulf Stream. It was like no other place in Florida.

Cayo Hueso, as half the people called it, was linked by car ferries with Havana. Cigar factories had attracted a part-Cuban, part-Spanish population. Hand-rolling cigars was skilled work. The cigar workers were interesting people to talk to, well informed and often surprisingly well read. They had a habit of hiring somebody to read to them at each long table while they worked. They listened with avidity, not only to the Socialist newspapers but to the 19th century Spanish novelists and to translations of Dostoyevski and Tolstoi. They were people who had their own ideas about things.

The English-speaking population was made up of railroad men, old Florida settlers, a few descendants of New Englanders from the days when it was a whaling port, and fishermen from all-white settlements like Spanish Wells in the Bahamas. There was no trace of a cracker drawl in their speech. One remembered that Key West had been Northern territory all through the Civil War.

There were a couple of drowsy hotels where passengers on their way to Cuba or the Caribbean occasionally stopped over. Palms and pepper trees. The shady streets of unpainted frame houses had a faintly New England look. Automobiles were rare because there was no highway to the mainland, only the causeway that carried the single-track railroad. The Navy Yard was closed down. The custodian used to let us go swimming off the stone steps in the deep azure water of the inner basin. You had to watch for barracuda. Otherwise it was delicious. There was really abundant fishing on the reefs and in the Gulf Stream. A couple of Spaniards ran good little restaurants well furnished with Rioja wine. Nobody seemed ever to have heard of Prohibition or game laws. The place suited Ernest to a T.

I've forgotten whether I told Ernest about Key West or whether he discovered it on his own, but the second time I landed there, off a boat from New York, I found Ernest and Pauline established with their two small boys in a frame house on a sandy back street. He knew all the barkeeps in the little bars. He was cozy with the Spaniards who ran the restaurants. He'd made friends with the family that owned the hardware store where they sold fishing tackle, and he was a conch with the conchs, as the Bahamian whites were called, who handled the commercial fishing boats.

There was an ice plant but most of the fishermen kept their fish fresh in live-boxes built into the hulls of their motorboats. At the fish market they scooped up live yellowtails for you out of a vat. Shipping sea turtles was an important industry. There was a big tank of them at the end of the wharf.

Nobody had thought of a party boat. Captain Saunders, a native of Spanish Wells, known as Bra on the waterfront, a skinny sarcastic thin-faced man with a keen taste for rum and a rich line of yarns, used to take us out fishing occasionally, more or less as a personal favor. Charles and Lorine Thompson, of a family that operated the hardware and marine stores emporium, would take us out after tarpon in the evening. We'd troll back and forth along the wharves and the marly shores clumped with mangroves in the sunset. The gaudiest sunsets I ever saw. When the trade wind dropped, an incredible sweetness of blossoming limes would come off the land along with the mosquitoes.

Sometimes we kept fishing right on into the moonlight. A hooked tarpon would leap in an arc of dark silver against the moon's sheen on the water. Often we had a couple of bottles of champagne among the mullet in the bait bucket. Nobody was allowed a drink until somebody had caught a fish.

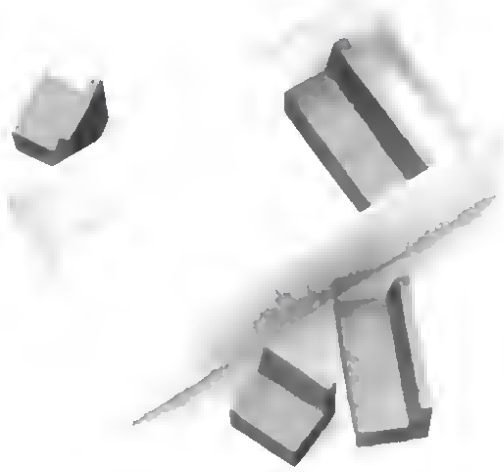
Ernest had not gone to college and resented the fact though I used to tell him it was a great advantage. He read a great deal. The experiences of his life made a continual impact on things he read and his reading threw light on the events and people he came across. He had, in those days, the best kind of self-educated mind. He was canny about boxing and baseball. He had an eye for good painting. There was a passionate accuracy about his knowledge of hunting and fishing but he hadn't become the professional sportsman, not yet. He'd learned more current history than you can imagine in the short time he worked as a foreign correspondent in Europe. He claimed that politics bored him but his cracks about politics and politicians, national and international, were sharp, shrewd and to the point. We would drink and fish and talk and talk late into the moonstruck night. Then the Thompsons would get to yawning and Charles would remark that he had to go to work next morning and head into the dock. It was a shame to see the great shining tarpon lying there in the dust. They aren't fit to eat. About the only use is for mounting. Some people make knickknacks out of the dried scales. Catching tarpon is sheer vanity.

It must have been in the early years of the Depression, perhaps in '33 or '34, that we all went over to Bimini from Key West. I had developed some kind of intermittent disease described as rheumatic fever and the quacks recommended winters south of the Tropic. There never was a pleasanter prescription. Key West wasn't quite on the Tropic of Cancer, but it was near enough to fill the bill.

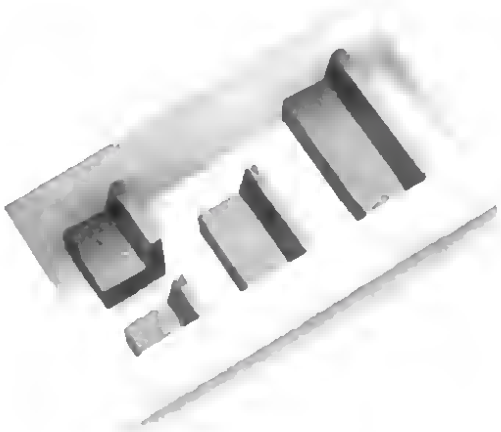
By that time the railroad had folded and you arrived by

continued

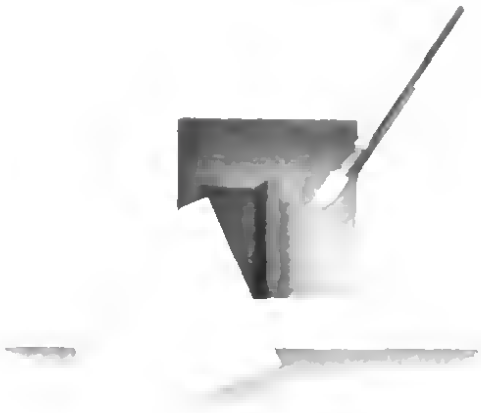
Got a lot to carry? Get a box.



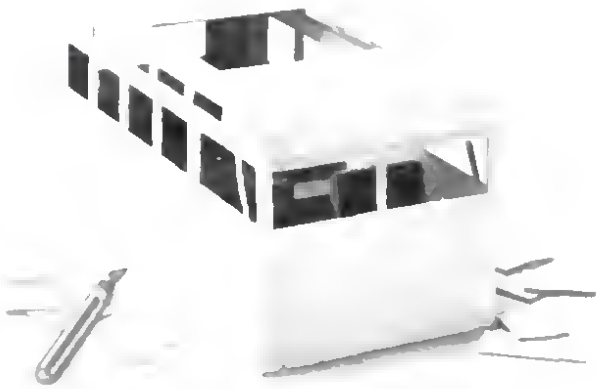
Now add a few seats. Say 8



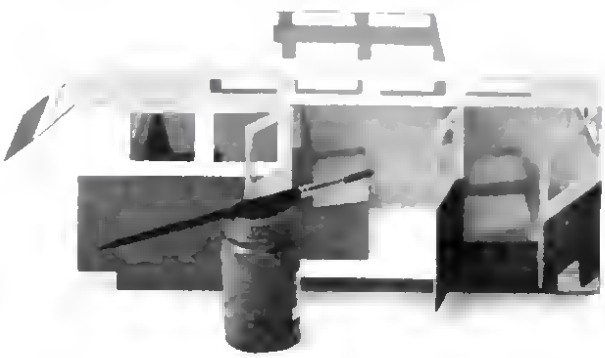
Make an aisle so you can walk to the back.



Cut a hole in the roof to let the sun in



Windows? At least 21. Doors? 5 should do



Paint it up and what have you got?

The whole idea behind the Volkswagen Station Wagon

car ferry from a point below Homestead on the mainland. There were three separate ferry rides and sandy roads through the scrubby keys between. It took half a day and was a most delightful trip, with long cues of pelicans scrambling up off the water and man-o'-war birds in the sky and boohy gulls on the buoys, and mullet jumping in the milky shallows.

We planned a trip to Bimini all that winter, but it kept having to be put off for some reason or other. The first time we started we'd barely reached the purple water of the Gulf Stream when poor old Hem shot himself in the leg—in the fleshy part, fortunately—with his own rifle trying to shoot a shark that was making for a sailfish somebody had alongside and was trying to gaff. Old Hem was the most accident-prone man I ever knew in my life. We had to turn back and take him to the sawbones at the hospital. We were so mad we'd hardly speak to him.

I can't remember whether it was on Bra's boat or on the first of Hemingway's *Pilars* that we finally made it to the Bahamas. The big-money fishing camp at Cat Cay had gone broke in the collapse of the first great Florida boom and was still closed down. There were a few yachtsmen and sports fishermen about but the tiny island of Bimini proper was very much out of the world. There was a wharf and some native shacks under the coconut palms and a store that had some kind of a barroom attached, where we drank rum in the evenings, and a magnificent broad beach on the Gulf Stream side. There was an official residency and a couple of sun-eaten bungalows screened against the sand flies up on the dunes. My wife Katy and I occupied one of them for a week.

We called Hem the Old Master in those days because nobody could stop him from laying down the law, or sometimes the Mahatma on account of his having appeared in a rowboat with a towel wrapped around his head to keep off the sun. He had his crotchety moments even then, but he was still a barrel of monkeys to be with.

This was a period when life seemed enormously comical to all of us. Nobody ever got so mad that some fresh crack didn't bring him around. We drank a good deal but only cheerfully. We carried things off with great fits of laughing. Everybody was known by a succession of nicknames. If I remember rightly it was during this period that I was myself known as Muttonfish. And it stuck for years. I was never much of a fisherman, I freely admitted that. The part of it I enjoyed was being out in a boat and the sights and the smells and the sounds. While the more sporting members of the party were mad for sailfish, I was particularly interested in the muttonfish we caught just inside the reefs. The Florida muttonfish is a great pale snapper and extraordinarily good to eat.

If I'm not mistaken this trip to Bimini was the first time the Old Master really went out after tuna. He'd been reading Zane Grey's book about catching great tuna on the seven seas (and a surprisingly well-written book it is) and wanted to go Zane Grey one better. The Old Master had always been serious about trout streams, but in our early days around Key West he tried out deep-sea fishing for the fun of it like the rest of us. It was only gradually that competitive fishing for tuna and marlin took such a hold on him.

It seems to me that we'd caught a few smallish yellowfins along with some beautiful rainbow-colored dolphins on the way over across the Gulf Stream from the upper end of Hawk Channel. Anyway it was in the spring of the year and the wiseacres all claimed that the tuna were running. Katy and I were delighted with the island. We never tired of walking on the beach and watching the high-slung land crabs shuttle like harness racers among the fallen coconuts. We did a lot of bathing in the comfortable surf on the great beach. Ernest was very scornful of our shell collection.

We got hold of an agreeable storytelling Negro with a small sailboat who took us sailing over the pearly waters of the Great Bahama Bank and fishing for bonefish in the shallows between the coral heads. The Mahatma used to kid us about our taste for going out in rowboats together, said people did that before they were married, not after.

The Bimini Negroes were great fun. They made up songs about every little incident of the day. Every little job like hauling a boat ashore was a choral event. It was the first time any of us had heard:

My Mama don't want no peas no rice no coconut oil
All she wants is handy brandy and champagne.

They immediately made up songs about Old Hem. I wish I remembered the words. All my recollections of that week are laced with the lilt of those Bimini songs.

Anyway, while Katy and I were unashamedly sightseeing and sailing and rowing and dabbling in folklore—all occupations frowned on by serious fishermen—the Old Master was cruising the deep trolling for tuna. He'd brought tuna rigs along and was going after the tuna with that implacable impatient persistence of his. We had somehow gotten the use of an extra skiff so that we more frivolous members of the party could commute back and forth from the shore to the boat while the serious fishermen cruised and cruised and sat and sat and trolled and trolled.

If I'm not mistaken we were actually aboard when the Old Master hooked his great tuna. It was quite early in the morning. It was obviously an enormous fish because it immediately sounded and ran out all the line. The Old Master's tackle was far too light for it. Everybody was walking on eggs while he played it.

For some reason—maybe I had work to do or maybe it was only for a swim and lunch and a nap—Katy and I decided to go back to shore. It was already early afternoon. The Old Master was still hooked into his tuna.

The news had spread among such dignitaries of the sporting world as were anchored off the island. Their launches and dinghies began to gather in the wake of the Old Master's boat.

continued

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Tuna fishing was something new off the Atlantic coast. The great bluefin tuna had been there forever but few people thought of trying to catch them with rod and reel. Commercial trawlers off Cape Cod tangled with them in their nets every year. They sold them for canning but they complained that the damage to their nets was more than the fish brought in. Horse mackerel they called them derisively. The idea of hauling an eight- or nine-hundred-pounder into the boat with rod and reel filled fishermen with awe.

Among the assembled yachtsmen there was a gentleman named William B. Leeds. The name cropped up in every Sunday supplement. The Tin Plate King. Royal marriages. A milliondollar divorce. This particular member of the Leeds family had a very large white yacht stuffed with machinery and an occasional blonde. He had invited the Old Master aboard for drinks a couple of days before. The Old Master had come away charmed by Mr. Leeds's hospitality but even more charmed by the fact that he had a submachine gun aboard. Just at that moment a submachine gun was what the Old Master wanted more than anything in the world.

From a boy he had been fond of firearms but now he was particularly interested in a submachine gun as a way of fighting the sharks. Bimini was infested with sharks that season. They even bothered us bathing on the beach but the worst thing was their exasperating way of cutting off a hooked fish just as you were about to get him into the boat. The Old Master tried potting them with his rifle but unless you shoot him right through his tiny brain a rifle bullet doesn't make much impression on a shark. The night before he hooked his tuna he'd been trying all sorts of expedients over the rum Collinses to get William B. Leeds to part with his submachine gun. He kept suggesting that they match for it or that they cut a hand of poker for it or shoot at a target for it. I believe he even offered to buy it. But William B. Leeds was holding on to his submachine gun.

It was already dusk, the day the Old Master hooked his great tuna, by the time we got out to the fishing boat again. At last the tuna was weakening. The Old Master was reeling in on him. A couple of other men had spelled him during the afternoon. Everybody was on the ropes but the tuna was still hooked. We were very much excited to be in for the kill. There was quite a ring of spectator boats around. The speedboat from the Leeds yacht had rigged up a searchlight.

It was getting darker and darker. The wind had dropped but a nasty-looking squall was making up on the horizon. In the last gloaming the Old Master was inching the fish alongside. Nobody had seen him yet. One man was ready with the gaff. The rest of us, hunched on top of the cabin to be certain that we were out of the way, peered into the water with our flashlights.

We all saw him at once, dark, silvery and immense. Eight hundred pounds, nine hundred pounds, a thousand pounds, people guessed in hornswoggled whispers. He was just one gigantic tuna. All I knew was that he was a very big fish. He

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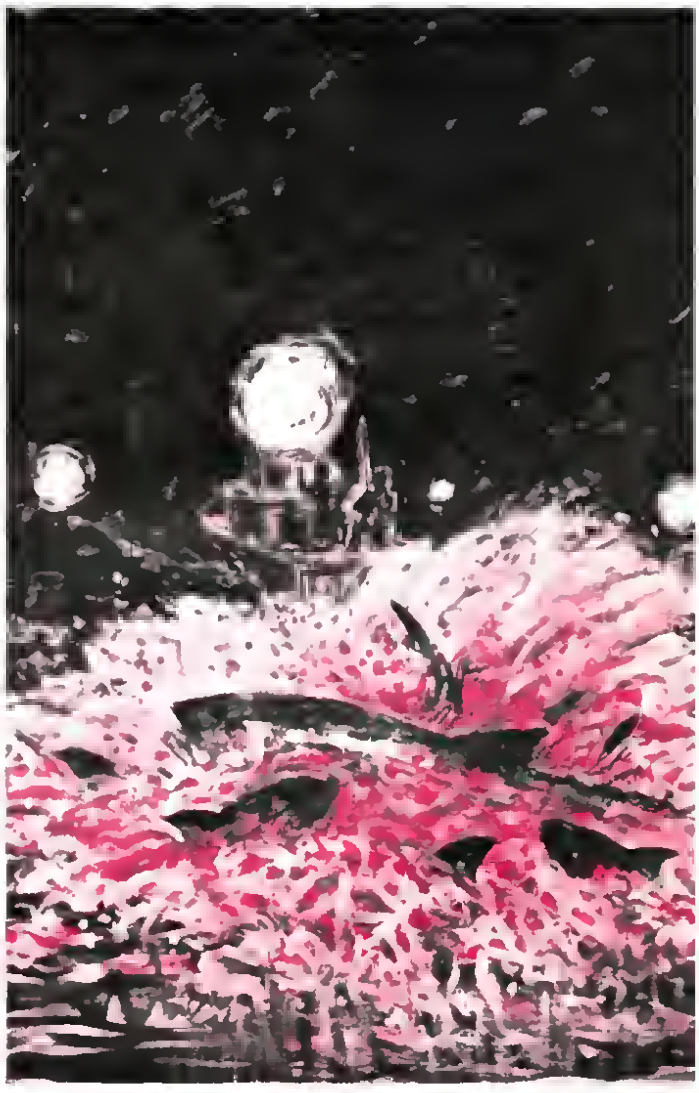

Hemingway hated sharks. He hated them from the beginning, but that was nothing compared to his hate after he had fought a giant tuna for a day and then lost it in a sudden bloody swirl.

was moving sluggishly. He seemed licked. The man with the gaff made a lunge and missed. The silver flash was gone. The reel whined as the fish sounded.

The Old Master's expletives were sibilant and low.

The fish took half the reel; then the Old Master began hauling in on him again. He didn't feel right. Somebody suggested he might be dead. Now was the time to look out for sharks. The Old Master reeled and reeled.

Meanwhile the storm cloud had eaten up a third of the starry sky. Lightning flickered on its fringes. Most of the small boats had put back to shore.

William B. Leeds from his speedboat was inviting us to take cover on his yacht but the Old Master was doggedly reeling in.

At last in a great wash of silver and spume the tuna came to the surface 10 or 15 yards astern of the boat. The sharks hadn't touched him. We could see his whole great smooth length. The Old Master was reeling in fast. Then suddenly they came. In the light of the searchlight we could see the sharks streaking in across the dark water. Like torpedoes. Like speedboats. One struck. Another. Another. The water was murky with blood. By the time we hauled the tuna in over the stern there was nothing left but his head and his backbone and his tail.

Looking back on it, this day's work may well have sown the seed that grew into *The Old Man and the Sea*. The Canary Island fisherman's stories played their part, but there is nothing like personal experience.

Getting us aboard the Leeds yacht was a real victory for Old Hem. He'd been trying to cotton up to William B. Leeds on account of that machine gun, and maybe too because Leeds was so stinking rich. Katy, who'd known Ernest since he was a pup and treated him like a slightly half-witted younger brother, took a scunner to poor Leeds and declared she'd rather die than go aboard his yacht. There was an oily and rather pimpish old Spaniard in the party whom we called Don Propina. We'd both taken a scunner to him, and neither of us liked the blondes. Anyway, Ernest won. The squall blew up so hard there was nothing for it but to take refuge on the yacht. We climbed up the gangplank in the first horizontal sheets of rain and sat wet and shivering in the air-conditioned saloon. To serve us right for being so snooty we both caught head colds from the air conditioning. Leeds hospitably put us up for the night, but there are some people you just can't get cozy with. We were so damned uncomfortable we turned in early, so we never knew exactly how it happened; but when we shoved off from the yacht in the lovely early-morning sunlight the Old Master had the submachine gun affectionately cradled in the crotch of his arm. Maybe he traded the backbone of the tuna for it.

Ernest was occasionally a very good shot with a rifle. After all, he was essentially a man of letters with a gift for dramatics, which became dangerous when he applied it to himself instead of to the characters in his stories. What made his company so delightful in his younger days was that outside of his literary gifts—being able to write doesn't mean that a man's fun to be with—he had real talents. He had the instinct of a hunter and the knack for topography that goes with it. Since he didn't smoke he had a sharp nose. He could smell game like a bird dog. He had a crafty but warmhearted understanding of many different kinds of people. These are the qualities that make up a guerrilla leader. When he was fishing he had all the patience in the world. He could see the funny sides of things in those days. At his best he was really a crack shot.

The greatest show I ever saw him put on was about daybreak one morning at the Dry Tortugas. Hem and Waldo Pierce, the big bearded painter, and I had rented Bra's boat to go down to these westernmost islets of the string of coral islands that make up the Florida Keys. We'd made the long choppy trip across the banks hoping to catch up with one of the schools of big king mackerel that move east and north out of the Gulf of Mexico in the spring. We hadn't caught many big fish.

Waldo set up his easel at one of the embrasures of the vast brick fort and painted. I had my cot and notebook in another shady nook. The sun was hot and the trade wind cool. The place was enormous and entirely empty. No sound but the querulous shrieking of the terns. The water was incredibly clear, delicious for swimming. We saw no shark or barracuda, only a variety of reef fish: yellowtails, angelfish, sea robins, all sorts of tiny jewellike creatures we didn't know the names of that swarmed their way here and there under the coral heads. A couple of days went by; it was one of the times I understood the meaning of the word halcyon.

Ernest had brought along the editor of a slickpaper magazine from Chicago. The man was in a trance. It was a world he'd never dreamed of. He was mosquito-bitten, half seasick, scorched with sunburn, astonished, half scared, half pleased. It was as much fun to see Ernest play an editor as to see him play a marlin. The man never took his fascinated eyes off Old Hem. Hem would reel in gently, letting his prey have plenty of line. By the time the editor was hooked he was so fascinated he didn't know which side was up. Sure he would print anything Hemingway cared to let him have at a thousand dollars a whack. (In those days it never occurred to us anyone got paid more than that. We lived outside of the world of agents and big-time New York lunches.) Ernest was practicing up on skills he'd later apply to high literary finance. He got that editor so tame he even sold him a few pieces of mine for good measure.

Bra meanwhile was spending his time dredging up conchs. He'd discovered to his amazement that people would buy the great rosy scalloped shells. He had the whole bow of the boat piled up with them. The night before we started back to Key West he made us one of the best conch chowders I ever ate. That with fried yellowtail seasoned with a brine and lime concoction he called Old Sour made a royal feast.

We washed it down with a little too much Bacardi rum.

We were tied to a little pier across from the fort. While we were eating and drinking, a couple of Cuban smacks that had been fishing in deep water for red snapper came alongside. They were a ragged sunbaked friendly crew. We handed around tin cups of Bacardi. Hem's Spanish became remarkably fluent. From out of his beard Waldo produced that mixture of French, Italian and bastard Castilian that had carried him for years through the Mediterranean countries. Bra, who disdained foreign tongues, made himself friendly with shrugs and grunts. The editor sat speechless and goggle-eyed while we climbed around each other's boats jabbering like a band of monkeys.

There were feats of strength, tales of huge blue marlin hooked and lost, of crocodiles sighted in the Gulf and rattlesnakes 20 feet long seen swimming out to sea. Night fell absolutely windless. There was no moon. Our friends pushed their boats off, anchored a few hundred feet out and turned in. We moved out from the pier to catch what breeze there was. The stars looked big as Christmas-tree ornaments, clustered overhead and reflected in the sea. The three small craft seemed suspended in the midst of an enormous star-studded indigo sphere.

It was hot in the cabin. Weighed down with heat and Bacardi we lay sweating in the narrow bunks. Sleep came in a glare of heat.

We were awakened by a knocking on the deck. It was the elderly grizzled man who was skipper of one of the smacks. "*Amigos, para despedirnos.*" Red-eyed, with heads like lumps of lead, we scrambled on deck. He pointed. Against the first violet streak in the east we could see a man on the bow of the smack shaking some liquid in a large glass earboy. They were sailing for Havana with the first breeze. They wanted to honor us with a farewell drink before they left. Everybody climbed up on the narrow planking of the pier. Of course there was no ice. It was a warm eggnog made with a kind of cheap aguardiente that tasted like wood alcohol. Obediently we brought out our tin cups. We were hung over. We felt squeamish. It made us retch. *Couldn't insult our amigos. We expected to die but they* were our amigos and we drank it.

It was then that Ernest brought out his rifle and started to shoot. By this time it was silvery gloaming. You could feel the sun burning under the horizon. He shot a baked-bean can floating halfway to the shore. We threw up more cans for him. He shot bits of paper the Cubans spread out on wooden chips from their skiff. He shot several terns. He shot through a pole at the end of the pier. Anything we'd point at he would hit. He shot sitting. He shot standing. He shot lying on his belly. He shot backwards, with the rifle held between his legs.

So far as we could see he never missed. Finally he ran out of ammunition. We drank down the last of the fishermen's punch. The amigos shook hands. The amigos waved. They weighed anchor and hoisted the grimy sails on their smacks and steered close-hauled into the southeast as the first breath of the trade lightened the heavy air.

We headed back to Key West. There was an oily swell over the banks on the way back. What wind there was settled into the stern. Bra's conchs had begun to rot and stank abominably. The punch set badly. Our faces were green. Our lips were cold. Nobody actually threw up, but we were a pallid and silent crew until we reached the lee of the first low patches of mangroves that lay in the approaches of Key West.

During those years Ernest and Pauline bought themselves a lovely high-ceilinged old stucco house near the lighthouse. Life became less free and easy. Ernest was the famous writer now. Literary gaspers entered the scene. But the boys, then known as Gigi and the Mexican Mouse, were cuter than ever. Pauline was a darling. We had fine evenings at the Asturian's, eating baked snapper or french-fried yellowtail and drinking buckets of dark Rioja wine. We all still had a great deal of fun. Nobody escaped unkidded.

Then we came back to Key West one day and found that some damn sculptor had done a bust of Ernest. The plaster cast was in the front hall. It was the kind of sculpture that might have been carved out of soap. I never could take portrait sculpture very seriously. I used to try to ring the bust with my panama hat when I came in the door. One day Ernest caught me at it. With a peevish look he picked my hat off his bust's head and dropped it in a chair. He was sour the rest of the day. Nobody said anything about the bust but after that things were never quite so good. **END**

Then one day there was this bust and when you came through the front door it was a great bust to throw your hat at.

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE It was Farmer's Night in KANSAS CITY. Catcher Doc Edwards went on radio and imitated a duck, a tree frog and a lost calf. Pitcher Diego Segui rode to the mound on a hay wagon. A good crowd showed up and Kansas City made everybody happy by beating the Senators 8–2. The Athletics were 7–1 for the week and 8–2 under New Manager Mel McGaha. WASHINGTON suffered its worst week (1–6) of the season. To make matters worse, Pitcher Jim Duckworth developed a fear of flying, took a train to Kansas City for a series and missed most of the first game. Bo Belinsky of LOS ANGELES (4–3) announced he was ready to start making the scene again. "It isn't worth sacrificing my youth to be a baseball player," said Bo. "If I'm seen in a nightclub, that's my business." When the Angels acquired Willie Smith in May they thought they were strengthening their pitching. Smith pitched poorly but—surprise!—he hit, so he is now the team's new center fielder and cleanup hitter. Wally Bunker of BALTIMORE (7–3), pitching on a mound sprinkled with dirt from Bunker Hill, won his seventh game. Brooks Robinson batted .455, scored 10 times and drove in six runs. To further please the already happy fans, the management gave "contracts" to fans who made good catches in the stands. They also had a soft-drink vendor named Homer give away all his soda whenever an Oriole hit a home run. Indeed, it was a week of gimmicks. NEW YORK (5–2) outdid everyone, giving away 20,000 tickets to cab drivers. "We want them to be aware that we are in business," said a club official. A 96-piece band and a 65-man chorus were among other attractions at Yankee Stadium, but the biggest show of all was Whitey Ford. In winning twice, Ford increased his string of victories to 10, topping it off with an 11-inning 1–0 shutout of the White Sox. That stretched Ford's scoreless-inning streak against Chicago (dating back to last August) to 43 and moved the Yankees into second place. Owner Calvin Griffith of MINNESOTA (3–4) complained darkly about dumb plays and mistakes on the mound, said that Manager Sam Mele might be too nice and hinted that some of the Twins were carousing around at night. Dick McAuliffe and Terry Fox kept DETROIT (4–4) upright. McAuliffe (.370) won one game with a homer, another with a 10th-inning single, and Fox won twice in relief. Dick Radatz of BOSTON (2–6) relieved five times —giving him 35 appearances so far and a good shot at the major league record of 74 games by a pitcher. CHICAGO (3–5) slumped to third (*see page 20*), with only some good pitching by Juan Pizarro (three-hit shutout), Eddie Fisher, Hoyt Wilhelm and Frank Kreutzer preventing a complete collapse. Three homers by Max Alvis and a shutout by Pedro Ramos helped keep CLEVELAND (3–4) barely over the .500 mark.

NATIONAL LEAGUE Things were going so well for PITTSBURGH (4–1) that Manager Danny Murtaugh did not mind that his players were taking his chewing tobacco. Bob Veale slammed a car door on his pitching hand, but that did not even slow him down. He beat the Mets 2–1 and tied the club record for strikeouts (12) for the second time in 10 days. Vern Law added a 10–0 win, and Joe Gibbon and Alvin McBean teamed up for another shutout. No one, however, could catch first-place PHILADELPHIA (6–2). Art Mahaffey and Ray Culp each won two games as John Callison produced the hits and fielding plays that made four victories possible. Julian Javier (.458) beat the Giants twice with his hitting as ST. LOUIS (4–3), which had dropped to eighth, moved back up to fifth. Johnny Edwards (.500, eight RBIs) and Vada Pinson (.435, seven RBIs) helped CINCINNATI split six games. At age 35, Ryne Duren came up with a curve ball. "I can't wait to use it," he said. "I'm like a kid with a new toy." The only trouble was that when he got a chance to use it he didn't, choosing instead to try to get a fast ball past Jim Hart of SAN FRANCISCO (4–3). Hart hit the fast ball for a game-winning single. Willie McCovey also beat the Reds with a ninth-inning pinch homer. Buzzie Bavasi, general manager of LOS ANGELES (2–4), warned that he would "shake up this team." In the shake-up Derrell Griffith was put at third base, Nate Oliver at second. But it was Don Drysdale (four-hitter) and Sandy Koufax (three-hit shutout) who kept the Dodgers in business. MILWAUKEE (2–4), too, was concerned, what with Warren Spahn's ERA up to 4.32 and Eddie Mathews' batting average down to .194. NEW YORK got solid hitting from Ron Hunt, Joe Christopher and Ed Kranepool, yet won just once in eight tries. Hal Woodeshick of HOUSTON (4–2) won once, but at his request the victory was given to fellow reliever Claude Raymond, who he felt had pitched well enough to deserve it. CHICAGO (2–3) pitchers had no spare wins to spread around, and the team sank to eighth place.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

Jim Bunning of Philadelphia fidgeted nervously on the mound as Met Pinch Hitter John Stephenson came to the plate. Bunning had set down 26 Mets in order, and now, with two out in the ninth inning, he had only to get by Stephenson to become the first National League pitcher in this century to pitch a perfect game and the first pitcher in the history of baseball to win a no-hitter in each league. Bunning's first two pitches to Stephenson were strikes, swinging and called. The next two pitches were balls. On the fifth pitch Stephenson swung and missed, and Bunning had his perfect game. Teammates engulfed him, almost dragging him to the Phillies' dugout as the fans in Shea Stadium stood and cheered. When the fans started chanting, "We want Bunning," the pitcher reappeared, trotting out to the infield, where Met Announcer Ralph Kiner interviewed him on television. It was his slider, Bunning said, that was working effectively, just as it was that day in 1958 when, as a member of the Detroit Tigers, he pitched a no-hitter against the Red Sox after four years in the American League. The Tigers traded Bunning to Philadelphia last autumn (along with Gus Triandos, who caught the perfect game), and Bunning's performance with the Phillies—he is now 7–2—has been a major factor in their success so far this season. When Kiner started to express amazement that the Tigers could trade such a pitcher, Bunning interrupted with a huge grin, saying, "Very happy, very happy." He expressed appreciation of a diving stop and a fine throw made by Second Baseman Tony Taylor that had robbed the Mets' Jesse Gonder of a hit in the fifth inning. Then Bunning's wife, Mary, and his eldest daughter—he has seven children—appeared from the stands to plant kisses on their man. He deserved it. After all, it was Father's Day.

JIM BUNNING: A PERFECT FATHER'S DAY

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—Led by the four-hit pitching of Joe Pollack, a junior right-hander, MINNESOTA overpowered top-ranked Missouri 5–1 for its third NCAA championship in three tries, in Omaha. (The Gophers' other college world series wins also occurred in election years—1956 and 1960.) Unheralded Maine finished third, after a 2–1 loss to Missouri in the semifinals, but the Yankee Conference team earlier had upset second-ranked Arizona State 4–2 and NCAA defending champion USC 2–1. Maine sophomore pitcher JOE FERRIS (9-0), who defeated Seton Hall, and USC and pitched 2⅓ innings of scoreless relief against Arizona State, was named the tournament's outstanding player.

BOXING—In a light-heavyweight fight in Madison Square Garden, 24-year-old JOHNNY PERSOL of Brooklyn, N.Y. hammered out a 10-round split decision over former Middleweight Champion Bobo Olson, 35, of San Francisco, for his 12th win in 13 fights. Olson, to whom victory might have meant a title match with Light Heavyweight Champion Willie Pastrano, said, "I wanted to look real good. I trained so hard I guess I left it all in the gym."

FIELD TRIALS—A F.T. CH. DUTCHMOOR'S BLACK MOOD, a 4-year-old Labrador owned and handled by A. Nelson Sills of Milford, Del., won the National Amateur Retriever Trials in Westhampton Beach, N.Y.

GOLF—Faint from exhaustion in the near-100° heat, San Francisco's KEN VENTURI, 33, winless the past four years on the pro tour, shot a third-round 66 and a par 70 on the final round to win the U.S. Open at the Congressional Country Club in Washington, D.C. (*see page 12*)

MICKEY WRIGHT gained her fifth victory in 10 LPGA tournaments starts this season with a 54-hole total of 220 in the $10,000 Lady Carling Eastern Open in Sutton, Mass.

HOUSTON UNIVERSITY won its seventh NCAA title in nine years when its four-man team shot 580 for 36 holes to defeat defending champion Oklahoma State by seven strokes, in Colorado Springs. Four days later TERRY SMALL, a 205-pounder from San Jose State, beat Kansas State's Jim Colbert 2 and 1 in a 36-hole final match to take the individual championship.

HARNESS RACING—Mr. and Mrs. Pat Di Gennaro's 6-year-old DUKE RODNEY ($16.20), driven by Billy Haughton, came back from a stand at stud to beat Porterhouse by three-quarters of a length in the $45,000 Gotham Trot at Yonkers Raceway.

Castleton Farm's SPEEDY SCOT ($2.60), 1963's Harness Horse of the Year who a week earlier had finished seventh in his first start of the season, redeemed himself with a five-length victory in the $65,000 American National Maturity Trot at Sportsman's Park. Driven by his trainer, Ralph Baldwin, the 4-year-old covered the mile in a fast 2:00 3/5.

HORSE RACING—E. P. Taylor's NORTHERN DANCER ($2.30), Bill Hartack up, romped to a 7½-length victory in the $74,075 Queen's Plate, at Woodbine, Ont. It was the little 3-year-old's 14th triumph in 19 starts.

Rex Ellsworth's 6-year-old OLDEN TIMES ($4.60), Willie Shoemaker in the saddle, beat Babington by 1¼ lengths to win the $111,300 Illinois Handicap at Arlington Park.

HORSE SHOWS—As an aftermath of the Devon Show (St., June 15), where the officials overofficiated and competitors deliberately spoiled a class in protest, the enforcement committee of the AHSA reprimanded and penalized five of the participants. DANNY LOPEZ, MILTON KULP JR., RICHARD HENDRECKS and FRANK CHAPOT each was put on probation for 12 months, and KATHY KUSNER for 18 months. (Chapot also lost his judge's license.) The committee dropped its charges against CAROL HOFMANN, who came to the hearing with her father (a member of the AHSA board of directors), and against CHRIS BROWN, who brought along a lawyer.

MOTOR SPORTS—The FERRARI factory team of Jean Guichet of France and Nino Vaccarella of Italy averaged a record 121.49 mph to win the French classic, the 24 hours of Le Mans (*see page 51*). Prototype Ferraris also took second and third, but the coveted GT title went to the fourth-place finisher, a Ford-Cobra built by Carroll Shelby of Venice, Calif. and driven by Californians Dan Gurney and Bob Bondurant.

A. J. FOYT, averaging 102.552 mph in his Offenhauser, led from start to finish in the USAC's 100-mile race for Indianapolis-type cars at Langhorne, Pa. It was his fifth victory in as many national championship races this season.

ROWING—Stroking a brisk 39 or better on calm Lake Onondaga, CALIFORNIA beat Washington by a length and three-quarters to win the 2,000-meter IRA championship in 6:31.1 in Syracuse, N.Y. Defending champion Cornell finished third, followed by Princeton, MIT and Navy.

In their traditional four-mile test on the Thames River in New London, Conn., low-stroking HARVARD crushed Yale by five boat lengths, after leading all the way in the gruelling upstream race.

TENNIS—At the Queen's Club tournament in London, England, the last warmup for Wimbledon, Australian ROY EMERSON barely bested Tomas Lejus, the first Russian ever to gain the finals of a major tournament outside the U.S.S.R., 12–10 6–4 for the singles title. The surprising Lejus, a blond, 22-year-old Estonian, had defeated U.S. Champion Rafael Osuna 6–3, 3–6, 6–1 in one semifinal match, while Emerson overwhelmed Cliff Richey of Dallas 6–2, 6–3 in the other.

Top-seeded DENNIS RALSTON, the defending champion from USC, overpowered Marty Riessen of Northwestern 6–4, 6–4, 6–1 for the NCAA singles title in East Lansing, Mich. Then, before taking off for Wimbledon, Ralston teamed with BILL BOND to defeat UCLA's Arthur Ashe and Charles Pasarell 6–2, 6–3, 6–4 in the doubles and lead USC to its third straight team title, 26–25 over UCLA.

TRACK & FIELD—Two collegiate records were broken, the American 100-meter record was matched five times, and there were two rare dead heats during the NCAA Championships in Eugene, Ore. In the 1,500-meter run both the winner, MORGAN GROTH of Oregon State (3:40.4), and runner-up, Archie San Romani of Oregon (3:40.8), bettered the previous record of 3:40.9, set four years ago by Oregon's Dyrol Burleson; and Villanova's VIC ZWOLAK won the 3,000-meter steeplechase in 8:42 flat, clipping 3.6 seconds off the mark set by his former teammate Pat Traynor in May 1963. Oregon's HARRY JEROME edged Ed Roberts of North Carolina College and Trenton Jackson of Illinois in a 100-meter final that was so close all three were clocked in a record-equaling 10.1. Jerome and Jackson also hit 10.1 in their semifinal heats the day before. ULIS WILLIAMS of Arizona State and Brigham Young's BOB TOBLER tied for the 400-meter title (45.9), and Army's BILL STRAUB and JIM MURPHY of the Air Force Academy shared the 5,000-meter championship (14:12.3). Other winners were: BOB HAYES of Florida A&M, 200 meters (20.4), TOM FARRELL of St. John's of Long Island, 800 meters (1:48.5), San Jose State's DANNY MURPHY, 10,000 meters (29:37.8); BOBBY MAY of Rice, 110-meter high hurdles (13.7); and LSU's BILLY HARDIN, 400-meter hurdles (50.2). Champions in the field events were: JOHN RAMBO of Long Beach State, high jump (7 feet ¼ inch), JOHN UELSES of La Salle, pole vault (16 feet), Arizona's GAYLE HOPKINS, broad jump (26 feet 9¼ inches), CHARLIE CRAIG of Fresno State, triple jump (51 feet 8¾ inches); GARY GUBNER of NYU, shotput (61 feet 8 inches), New Mexico's LARRY KENNEDY, discus (185 feet 2½ inches); ALEX SCHULTEN of Bowdoin, hammer throw (191 feet 6 inches), and Oregon's LES TIPTON, javelin (249 feet 10½ inches).

MILEPOSTS—DIED: BULL LEA, 29, the greatest American sire in modern Thoroughbred racing history, at Calumet Farm near Lexington, Ky. His most illustrious son was Citation, the last Triple Crown winner (1948), but the list of Bull Lea's offspring includes such outstanding names as Armed, Bewitch, Coaltown, Hill Gail, Iron Liege, and Twilight Tear. Altogether his progeny won 1,726 races, $13.2 million and averaged $41,632 per starter.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

4—courtesy Tony Bruce. 12, 13—James Drake. 14, 15—James Drake, Walter Iooss Jr., Dick Darcey. 16, 17—Walter Iooss Jr. (2), James Drake. 18, 19—James Drake. 20—Lee Balterman. 21—Tony Triolo. 22, 34—Coles Phinizy. 25—UPI. 38-44—Richard Jeffery, models by Boucher Jewls Inc. 45-47—diagrams by William Bernstein. 48—UPI. 51—Flip Schulke Black Star. 54, 56—Tony Triolo. 69—Fred Kaplan. 70—middle top, John Kalna.

FACES IN THE CROWD

LAIRD HAYES, 14, an outstanding student and ninth-grade president this year at La Colina Junior High in Santa Barbara, Calif., who also led his baseball team to an unbeaten season with a .303 batting average, was named to serve this month as a page in the U.S. Senate.

JACK HENN, who captained the San Diego State College volleyball team in its first year of competition, led his school to third place in the national collegiate championships at the Air Force Academy, Colo., and was named the tournament's outstanding player.

MARLENE McCAULEY made managing easy for her husband, Jack, when she pitched consecutive shutouts 9–0 and 1–0 in a doubleheader for his softball team, the Omaha Royals, against the Minneapolis Comets. The first was a perfect game, the second a three-hitter.

STEVE MATHEWS, 16, a Greenwich, Conn. golfer who will be a senior at the Lawrenceville (N.J.) School this fall, defeated Hy Young of Woodberry Forest, Va. 1 up in the 18-hole final for the individual title at the Eastern Interscholastic championships in Watch Hill, R.I.

G. TURNER HOWARD III, 16, of Knoxville, Tenn., who has been playing tennis since he was 9 and will captain his team at McCallie School in Chattanooga next year, upset top-seeded Chris Brown 6–1, 8–6 to win the Southern Junior championship in Davidson, N.C.

JOE GERLACH of Los Angeles, a former University of Michigan diver and the national indoor three-meter champion in 1959 and 1960, edged Al Coffey of Fort Lauderdale, Fla. for his second straight world professional outdoor high-diving title at Grossinger, N.Y.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BURNING ISSUE

Sirs:

I submit that the oil companies are right in their assessment of the recent Indianapolis 500, the principal areas of research for the next year must be in the fields of fuel and fuel safety (*After the Indianapolis Fire, an Argument*, June 22)

Perhaps the time has come to have compulsory fuel stops of, say, one-minute duration which are supervised by a track official. That way, the fuel capacity of the car could be limited to more closely approximate the fuel limits of a production car.

Also, the fuel ought to be dealt with in the same way as in aircraft, viz., under pressure with carbon dioxide or some other incombustible gas which would immediately control any outbreak of fire. To minimize movement within the fuel container, I wonder whether a baffle in the style of an ice-cube separator, if not already employed, might not be useful.

Introducing CO_2 adds a hazard to the driver, and to overcome this I suggest the driver ought to wear a mask. Mindful of Parnelli Jones's narrow escape, one wonders whether an asbestos suit might not be something to be investigated, as well as the introduction of an enclosed cockpit with an ejection seat.

G. M. SMITH

Manotick, Ont.

Sirs:

As a consultant and lecturer (at the University of Southern California) on the subject of aerospace safety, I would like to add my thoughts on the argument about fuel volatility and crash fires at Indianapolis. Previously, it was in the field of aviation-crash-injury prevention that there was a cry for kerosene in jet aircraft rather than the more volatile aviation gas.

But when controlled experimental aircraft-crash evidence was analyzed, the real bugaboo turned out to be the dispersal of fuel at impact into a fine mist or vapor. Under these conditions and in the presence of ignition points such as a hot engine, electrical sparks, metal scraping on asphalt or static electricity, the fuel characteristics become mostly academic.

An excellent solution being worked on by Aviation Safety Engineering and Research, a division of the Flight Safety Foundation, in Phoenix, Ariz., is the use of fuel tanks made of honeycomb material. This not only prevents the fuel mist from forming but provides an excellent energy attenuator to reduce the crash loads themselves.

It seems to me the automobile types might well look into this before leaping to premature regulations which may not solve the basic problem.

C. O. MILLER

Buena Park, Calif.

FISH AGAINST MAN

Sirs:

We take exception to the item "*The Fish Who Come for Dinner*" (SCORECARD, June 15). There are some 16 varieties of piranha of which only four varieties are known to be vicious. An expert ichthyologist has trouble distinguishing one from another; and your New York pet shops do a thriving business selling another half a dozen variety of fishes that only look like piranhas.

Even among the piranhas there are species that refuse to come to dinner unless only the tenderest of aquatic vegetation is served.

Tell your scorekeeper to get with it! We don't want to have to drop a piranha in his Saturday-night bath.

IRENE AND BILL WILLIAMS-FOOTE

San Jose, Calif.

Sirs:

In the first place, there is little likelihood any tropical fish fancier (and there are 20 million of us in the U.S.) would turn loose one piranha, let alone two. In the second place, the chance of two such characters setting up light housekeeping, even if they lived, is rather remote.

Harald Schultz, a famed aquarist who lives in São Paulo, Brazil and probably knows the piranha better than anyone else in the world, has stated that the natives often swim in areas which are frequented by piranhas—and nothing happens! One can travel for hundreds of miles along the Amazon and not find a single person who has been bitten by them.

Like the octopus, the poor piranha is not as bad as Hollywood moviemakers would have us believe.

DICK LARSON

Minneapolis

MAN AGAINST FISH

Sirs:

I was deeply disgusted that SI could even print an article on such a barbarous, horribly cruel "sport" (*Grabbling for Those Crazy Mississippi Cats*, June 15). "The grabblers dig catfish out of their spawning beds with bare hands, a feat that takes some dexterity and often a great deal of courage." This, in my opinion, is a ludicrous perversion of the word courage. What kind of man could come stalking up to an unsuspecting animal, violently root it out to its death while it is in the very act of creating new life and consider himself a courageous sportsman for his accomplishment? A cowardly man, an insensitive man, an ignorant man!

Animals have rights, too, and should not be slaughtered for the thrill of blood-lusting sportsmen.

MICHAEL ANDERTON

Marysville, Wash.

• Perhaps the average, run-of-the-log Mississippi catfish would rather chew on raw fisherman than on barbed steel hook.—ED.

PLAYING FAVORITES

Sirs:

I have been reading SI for many years and have never seen you commit such a blunder—calling horse racing the world's favorite sport (June 8)! That you could have overlooked soccer is almost unbelievable.

It seems that you think that racing is the world's favorite merely because it has gained tremendous popularity over the past decade in big countries such as France, Australia and the U.S.; but these big countries number 10, possibly 15, and certainly no more than 20. Soccer, however, is and has been for many years the most popular sport—if not the national sport—of almost every one of the world's over 120 countries.

TONY BALIS

Gladwyne, Pa.

BANK ON THIS

Sirs:

John Lucas is all wet with his philosophy that Buddy Edelen is not the best marathon runner the U.S. has ever had simply because he has never run in the Olympic Games or slogged away for almost 10 years (19TH HOLE, June 15). Who has decreed that longevity is the measuring stick for success in marathon running? Edelen has won in Britain and in Greece, he's been victorious in the famed Kosice (Czechoslovakia) marathon and, while still a virtual novice, he journeyed to Japan and finished a bang-up fourth when the event was still very new to him.

Europeans, and those Americans who are really knowledgeable, recognize Edelen as a real gold medal threat at Tokyo. The greatest? You bet your life he is.

DICK BANK

Beverly Hills, Calif.

OVER THE FENCE

Sirs:

Reader Ric Rosenblum (19TH HOLE, June 1) and others have voiced loud claims that the N.Y. Yankees enjoy "a psychological edge over their opponents" in the form of a 44-inch wall which "has allowed

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dozens of cheap home runs, impossible in any other park." Mickey Mantle, Mr. Rosenblum would have us believe, crashes homer after homer into the second-row seats and bounces four-baggers off the foul pole, a mere 296 feet away.

The fact of the matter is that, in the last World Series, Mantle, batting right-handed against Johnny Podres in Yankee Stadium, completely ignored the beckoning foul poles and the home run porch in right. He savagely smashed a 440-footer to left center, a 410-footer to right center and a mere 400-footer to left—all of which were caught. Instead of belting three easy homers, Mantle blew the game by teeing off straight down the fairway.

WALT GAVIN

Englewood, N.J.

Sirs:

I would like to contribute some statistical evidence in defense of Yankee Stadium. In its most productive season (1961) Yankee Stadium allowed only 171 home runs. Eight ball parks in the National League and five in the American League have exceeded this total. Yet the Yankees have led their league and the majors in home runs countless times. Ruth and Maris hit 32 and 31 of their record home run totals on the road.

The next time someone brings up the question of Yankee Stadium being a home run heaven send him a tape measure and direct him to the power alleys, where most of your homers are hit. He will find out that those distances far exceed the measurements of most major league parks.

RICHARD J. GARFUNKEL

Yonkers, N.Y.

Sirs:

It might be better if all baseball parks were the same size but, to my mind, what hurts the game today is a lack of good players. We do not have the players we had back in the years from 1900 to 1925. In those days boys played ball all the time, for that was all they had for recreation. There were teams in all the cities and towns. In my town (population 800) we had two good teams and two baseball fields. Today we have none. Today in New England, outside of college and high school, we have two teams, the Boston Red Sox in the American League and Springfield in the Eastern League. Back in the old days we had the Braves and Red Sox, the New England League, the Connecticut League, the New Hampshire State League and the Northern League. The boys today had rather ride in autos. It is too much work to play ball. The leagues are gone, and small-town baseball is a thing of the past. We just don't have the players anymore.

EARL DAVIS

Bridgewater, Vt.

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He Deftly Ties the World's Fanciest Flies

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

If it were possible to cross a Henry David Thoreau with an H. L. Mencken, the result probably would be someone very much like Harry Darbee (*right*) of Roscoe, N.Y. To the informed public, Darbee is known for the conservation battle he is waging to prevent two Catskill trout streams, the Willowemoc and the Beaver Kill, from being destroyed by the New York State Department of Public Works. To fishermen, Darbee is celebrated, even venerated, for any number of other reasons as well.

For one, Darbee is a superb flytier. Darbee's tying, done in partnership with his wife, Elsie, is unusually imaginative, and his work has been hailed in more than 30 books, ranging from James Leisenring's *The Art of Tying the Wet Fly* to Roderick Haig-Brown's *Fisherman's Summer*. Among Darbee's creations are Darbee's Green Egg Sac, Darbee's Spate and a large imitation of a mayfly that is a cross between a bass bug and a trout fly and is thus known as the Beaver Kill Bastard. With the late Percy Jennings, an amateur tier, Darbee created a trout fly that is not an imitation of anything and is called, for no reason other than the fact that a girl just happened to name it so, the Rat-Faced MacDougall. He has established a unique fan club. Among the users of Darbee flies are or have been Vannevar Bush, the scientist, who used to try to get a discount on new flies by trading in old ones he found hanging from trees; C. R. Smith, the chairman of the board of American Airlines and an ardent salmon fisherman; Lord Portal, a friend of Smith's who tried some Darbee flies and pronounced them wizard; Sparse Grey Hackle, the angling writer; C. Otto v. Kienbusch, the angling book collector who discovered the volume proving that Izaak Walton was a plagiarist; John J. McCloy, the banker, and the late Edward Ringwood Hewitt, a marvelously dotty soul who occasionally used to make believe that he himself was a trout.

The Darbee home, a cozy seven-room house that is cluttered with feathers, fur, hair, hooks and other appurtenances of the trade, is only a long cast from the Willowemoc. It serves as a gathering point, in or out of season, for anglers, local characters, fishery biologists, curious tourists and wandering oddballs who come to hear Darbee hold forth on all sorts of subjects, often until dawn. The atmosphere is Cannery Row out of Abercrombie & Fitch.

Darbee's conversational range takes in the entire field of natural history. He is a first-rate entomologist with, as befits a flytier, a deep interest in aquatic insects. He has done a great deal of stream-improvement work and has a fund of information about the changes caused in streams by fluctuations of flow and variations in temperature. Indeed, his limnological knowledge is so impressive that he has appeared as an expert witness at more than 200 hearings before the New York State Riparian Commission.

Darbee is interested in the genetics of fowl. He has raised his own crosshred blue chickens for hackle, and his preoccupation with chicken breeding has been so sufficiently rare and successful as to have excited inquiries from European poultrymen. He is also a botanist with a marked fondness for edible nettles, and, as a practicing mycologist, he has eaten his way through 35 species of mushrooms lurking in local forests. In his years as a trapper—and he was one of the most successful in the Catskills, taking as many as 100 foxes a winter in

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Flytier *continued*

the days when a good pelt fetched $25—he used to dine on such gamy fare as infant porcupine, parboiled raccoon, fried muskrat, boiled crayfish and sautéed gray squirrel.

Intellectually alert, Darbee is one of the lay members of the Resources Board of the American Fisheries Society. He possesses a well-chosen library of ichthyological studies and general literature. His favorite author is Mencken, and he has a great stack of old *American Mercurys* to which he repairs for laughs when no visitors are about. Once when Darbee was in Baltimore, Mencken's home town, and down to his last five dollars, he did as the master would have done and blew the fin on a good feed and a gallery ticket to *Lysistrata*. The next morning, dead broke, Darbee went to work as a door-to-door magazine salesman, one of the few square jobs he ever had. "Harry," says his wife, "is very unpredictable."

Darbee is trim and of medium height. He has a snub nose, a high forehead and a white pompadour that gives him the look of a prosperous Russian playwright, circa 1903. On both sides, he is Connecticut Yankee stock. Now 58, he was born in Roscoe, the eldest of five children. He passed the formative years of his childhood near West Park on the Hudson, where his father worked for the West Shore Railroad. When he was 10 years old the family moved back to Roscoe, and except for a year spent in Wisconsin laying track and fishing and a hitch in the Navy as a hospital corpsman in World War II, Darbee always has lived in the Catskills. He originally derived his approach to nature (which may be best summed up as leaving it the hell alone) from John Burroughs, the bearded sage who was a neighbor in West Park. Burroughs was then in his 70s, and young Darbee used to accompany him through the woods in search of bird nests.

A chronic truant from school, Darbee started fishing seriously when he was 10 years old. By 12, he was tying his own flies and guiding anglers. Upon leaving high school, he immersed himself in the outdoors. He spent an entire summer hunting ginseng root. "After I came out, I had, oh, cleared about $10," he says, "but I had lived in the woods all summer."

Ever since 1928 Darbee has been tying flies professionally. He and Elsie, whom he married in 1933 after she came to work as an assistant, weathered the Depression easily since the Big Rich tightened their budgets by fishing instead of larking off to Europe for vacations. Still, there were some customers who wondered how the Darbees could manage. One of them, the late J. P. Knapp, chairman of the board of Publication Corp., felt such pity that he gave Darbee a standing order to tie flies whenever he hit a slack period. At one time Knapp had some 250,000 flies in the house. "Knapp," explains Darbee, "used to say, 'When I get a good fly, I like to keep it around.' "

The Darbees do their tying at adjoining desks in the front parlor. It is generally impossible to tell their work apart—they have even argued between themselves as to who tied what—but there are

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some purists who say that, while Harry is the better talker, Elsie is the better tier. Such remarks do not in the least bother Darbee, who is only too glad to show anyone how to tie. "I have no jealousy," he recently told a budding tier. "If you could beat me to hell tying flies, I'd swell up with pride."

Considering the cost of materials and the work, knowledge and skill involved, Darbee flies are inexpensive enough. Regular dry flies, for instance, are $7.20 a dozen, and fancy salmon streamers, which take up to half an hour to tie, $1 to $3 each. The flies most in demand are Light Cahills (named after a 19th century Dublin flytier who used to hold the fly up to a customer's ear and inquire if he heard it buzz); Hairwing Royal Coachmans (so called because the first was tied by Tom Bosworth, coachman to Queen Victoria); Quill Gordons (tied by Theodore Gordon, the father of American dry-fly fishing, to imitate any number of early-season mayflies that are a pale blue-gray); Irresistibles (invented by Joe Messinger, and imitating nothing at all in nature); and Rat-Faced MacDougalls (which one Darbee customer absentmindedly referred to as "the fly with the horrible name, the Scar-Face McCarthy, I believe").

The materials used are varied: maribou, peacock, golden pheasant, Impeyean pheasant, toucan and mallard feathers, Greenland baby seal, Australian opossum, hares' ears, and pelts of deer, mink, fisher, polar bear, brown bear and other exotica. The prescribed dressings for one salmon fly, the Jock Scott, for instance, call for dressings from 12 different parts of the world.

Annoying red tape

Nowadays Darbee sometimes must make do with substitutes, since he is hampered by what he calls "the great horsefeathers law," an act of Congress prohibiting or restricting the importation of certain rare plumages. Although Darbee is an avowed "forever wilder," he can never forgive the Audubon Society for backing the law. "The law hasn't prevented birds from being shot," he says. "Hell, they're found to some people, and the feathers are just a byproduct. I don't know any flytier who isn't a conservationist. Now I have to have a license, and write to the Government telling how many jungle cock or mandarin I want and where I'm going to buy them. Sometimes I have to wait three, four or five years for an order."

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Despite having to use substitutes, Darbee remains a finicky tier. He concocts his own wax, which is used to make the silk tying thread tacky, from bleached beeswax, resin and castor oil, and at work he sets his own pace. Once, when pressed for an extraordinarily large order of trout flies, he tied eight dozen a day for 30 days straight, a feat he vows he will never repeat. The effort left him completely worn out. One friend, who has been waiting more than two years for two dozen special-pattern flies, says, "It's a good thing Harry doesn't run a restaurant. If you ordered a fried-egg sandwich, he'd go out to tell the hen to lay a few eggs, then he'd start grinding his own flour."

The idea that he is an artist makes Darbee choleric. "The flytier is an artisan 98% of the time and perhaps an artist the other 2%," he once wrote. "When creating a pattern or inventing a style or type of fly not heretofore known or maybe in adapting new techniques to old fly-tying problems, a tier could be called, temporarily at least, an artist. But to place an artistic label on the humdrum process of repeating a pattern day after day, as any professional tier must to earn his dinner, is stretching the word artist beyond its meaning."

Still, if Darbee does not consider a tier an artist, "I can," he says, "certainly proclaim him an individualist in the full sense of the term. To me, fly tying represents a way of life quite as much as a means of livelihood. Tying flies along the banks of a beloved stream, away from the hustle and stench of a city, is my idea of the ultimate in occupations. Tying flies for a living has enabled me to enjoy a certain independence of action and thought not easily come by in these days of mass production and time-clock-dominated lives."

In recent years Darbee has given much of his time toward trying to save the Willowemoc and Beaver Kill from the ravages of a proposed superhighway. For his efforts, the Theodore Gordon Fly-Fishers gave him the Salmo Award last spring. The award was nice to get, but it did not make Darbee any happier about the future. "I'm far from complacent about America's natural resources," he says. "I think we're balanced on a fine line, and it's just possible we can lose our resources faster than anyone thought. But when you say that, people think you're a nut. I'm not. I was, I think, brought up with some ideals." **END**

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